The New REPUBLIC

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The Week

IN SEEKING to bring about immediate reëmployment by shorter hours coupled with higher minimum wages, an aim which could hardly wait for the necessarily lagging preparation and acceptance of codes for all the separate industries, President Roosevelt has taken a leaf from the social strategy of wartime. An appeal is made to patriotism in a war waged this time against depression rather than an enemy nation. The appeal is broadcast in order to reach all employers at once, great and small. Their coöperation is invited. Behind this request for coöperation is the threat of social coercion on the part of members of the public. Every coöperating business man is to display the "blue hawk" insignia of the N.R.A., and the consumers are invited to deal only with those who display the sign. The threat of the legal club is carefully allowed to be seen in the background, to be used in the fall against recalcitrants, if that is necessary. There is of course a danger of ridiculous ballyhoo in connection with a campaign of this kind, but on the whole it confirms the impression of Mr. Roosevelt's great skill as a political administrator. Necessary as such a measure may be, however, it involves perils against which the administration must be on guard.

THE first of these perils is that the coöperating employers may take the possession of the sign and the favor of the public as a license to exploit the consumer. Indeed, President Roosevelt in his radio speech implied that the prices charged by the good boys might be higher than those charged by others. In certain cases they may justifiably be so, but how is anybody to know? What is to prevent a store which might reasonably raise its prices 5 percent from raising them 10 or 15 percent, or one which could make substantial profits without raising its prices at all, from using governmental favor as an excuse to raise them? If people begin to suffer from a high cost of living, the blue hawk may easily become recognized as a bird of prey. And how is anybody to know that a concern is not evading the hours and wages provisions in such a way as really to reduce the purchasing power of employees? Even if it does not do this, may it not use the installation of the minimum as an excuse for not increasing other wages as fast as they ought to be increased? Only vigilant and aggressive labor organizations can check up on such abuses, and the President's request that labor be patient while this "first step" is being tested may be cited by employers against legitimate complaints. The blanket code should not be allowed to cause any delay in applying more thoroughgoing controls; at best it is an unsatisfactory stop-gap.

LABOR is breaking into the news. Strikes are occurring in various localities, some in advance of the adoption of a code for the industry in question, some in protest against standards adopted, which, though they may be better than those formerly in force, are not so good as the workers hope to achieve. This labor activity is to be expected at a time of industrial revival, when workers who have long been dissatisfied but hopeless of improvement find at last that unemployment is decreasing and that they may exercise some collective power over their fate. It usually occurs after a depression. This time the New Deal itself provides a focus for

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these efforts, with its widespread adoption of codes, emphasizing wages and hours. In addition to sporadic strikes, a good deal has been heard in Washington from representatives of labor already organized. A recent example of this was the well prepared brief of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, asking for changes in the code submitted by employers in the women's coat and suit industry—changes in line with recommendations formerly made by state investigators. As we write the issue is not decided, but there seems to be hope that the union's view will prevail in important particulars, since it was asked by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins to delay, pending the adoption of a code, a strike vote which had been ordered.

MISS Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, has just made public the results of a comprehensive recent survey of conditions in the shirt-manufacturing industry, which helps one to understand the pressure from Washington for a general increase in the sweatshop wages which are now being paid in this and other businesses. Miss Perkins reports that at the time of the investigation half the workers in the shirt industry in the chief states where it is carried on were earning less than $7.40 in a busy week. The median ranged from $9 in New York to $5.50 in Delaware, with one Pennsylvania plant, which deserves to be famous, paying $2 a week. These were the wages of men and women together; if the women, of whom many thousands are employed, are considered separately, the wages were ten to thirty cents lower. Only 10 percent of the women earned as much as $12 a week, and 35 percent earned less than $6. This is a conspicuous example of an industry which has moved away from the large cities, where labor is organized, to small towns, where it can not only offer starvation wages, but can obtain low rents and even subsidies of one sort or another from chambers of commerce. About three-fifths of the plants investigated were in such towns. Radical critics are making the charge that the National Industrial Recovery Act will actually make conditions worse, not better, for the working man. It remains to be seen whether this will prove true in general, but certainly it is hard to believe that federal regulation will not be a decided boon to people working under such conditions as Miss Perkins has laid bare.

THERE is an undercurrent of dissatisfaction in the South over the operation of the government's cotton-leasing program. About 10 million acres of cotton—one-fourth of this year's crop—is to be plowed under, and the producers are to be reimbursed at a rate which varies from $8 to $20 an acre. But just who are the cotton producers to whom this money is to be paid? Some cotton is grown by small independent farmers on their own land; these will have no cause for complaint. Other cotton is grown by cash renters, who are almost in the same position as the small landowners. The bulk of the cotton, however, is grown under the share-cropping system, by which the man who actually raises the crop agrees to give half of it to the landlord in lieu of rent. The cotton croppers, black and white, are probably the neediest class of people in America today. For the last four years of low prices, their incomes per family have run as low as $30 per year. Their almost total lack of buying power has brought business to a stop in sections of the South, and it is imperative that their standards of living be raised if prosperity is ever to return. But it is a grave question whether many of the share croppers will benefit from the money which the government is paying for the privilege of leasing and plowing under one-fourth of the cotton they have planted. It is a question whether they will ever benefit from the higher prices which are expected to result. They are heavily indebted to the landowners for food supplies received during the past four years and, under terms of the law in many states of the deep South, the landlord has a lien on any money which they may receive. The landlords in turn are indebted to the local bankers, who are likely in the end to receive a larger share of the present government aid than any other class. The only chance of substantial relief for the share croppers, outside of improbable generosity on the part of the landlord class, would come through a change in the state laws which hold them in practical peonage.

UNREST in Hitler's Germany during the last week is being attributed variously to Nazi Storm Troopers and Communists by European correspondents. Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick, whose enthusiasm for the uprightness and sincerity of the Great Leader seems to have experienced a tremendous setback, reports the uprising of "National Bolshevists" in the Storm Troop ranks, radical National Socialists who demand the socialist reconstruction of industry promised by the Nazi program. This report leads The New York Evening Post to comment piously, "If the world is to find Hitler a conservative force fighting against a revolutionary war, it may forgive him even his anti-Jewish insanities and offer a prayer for his success." Whoever the forces behind this unrest may be, the nervousness characteristic of recent governmental acts in Hitlerland fails to bear out the statement made by the Führer last week, that Germany is emerging from its "National Revolution" into the period of National Construction. Last Friday Captain Göring, the Premier of Prussia, met with the Minister of Justice, the head of the secret police and a number of under-secretaries to decree the death penalty for any attempt on the life of a member of the Nazi army, or for subversive activity of any kind, especially for the dissemination of atrocity reports—whether proved or unproved—and for the importation of subversive literature from outside of Germany. Nine Communists have already been sentenced to death for attacks on armed Nazi

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Troopers. The adoption of the decree for the Reich has been foreshadowed. Göring himself justifies this new ruthlessness by the fact that Communism in Germany is far from being uprooted and that recent attacks by Communists on Storm Troopers showed the need of stringent measures, even forcing him to interrupt his vacation to take hold of matters with an iron hand.

LAST Sunday's election in the German Protestant Church likewise showed that coördination of the German people is still far from complete. It brought National Socialist victories in all parts of Germany, to be sure, but there were, for the first time since the Reichstag election, determined opposition candidates in the field in almost every part of the country. The Gospel-and-Church faction behind the Reverend Dr. Friedrich von Bodelschwing, the representative of the German Nationalists, stood its ground, refused to recognize the newly elected church officers and protested the election after its defeat, charging that the Nazis had obtained their victory by the use of terroristic methods and illegal practices. The anti-Fascist element in the Protestant Church, which elected Dr. von Bodelschwing as Bishop last May against a Nazi candidate, is today the only group in the Reich that dares openly to resist the National Socialist dictatorship. It is the opposition of Junkerdom, the strength and power of which the Chancellor fully recognizes, that finds expression in this fight. The struggle for supremacy in the Protestant Church, like the fight against the Catholic Center, is one of greatest political import. The latter, having learned in America and in other countries of Europe to wield a political scepter without officially recognized political representation, submitted with a show of good grace. The concordat negotiated by the ultra-conservative von Papen proscribes all political activity for the German Catholic clergy and in return guarantees to the Church unlimited freedom in religious matters. But the famous shrewdness and political sagacity of German Catholicism will find new channels and Hitler will discover that they are still a force to be reckoned with.

THE Jew in Germany continues to bear the brunt of Nazi venom. New decrees last week forbid the participation of Jews in the manufacture of motion pictures, the employment of Jews for commercial work or the admission of Jews to the stock exchange. Their total exclusion from the Arbeiterfront, the governmental organization of labor, makes their elimination from the professional and industrial life of the nation practically complete. A new interpretation of the concept of the "front soldier" has further reduced the number of Jewish physicians and other professionals—especially lawyers—originally permitted to function under the law. The decree which makes German citizenship a privilege within the gift of the authorities completes the subjugation of this unfortunate race in that country. It is self-evident that the Jews of other nations must respond to this challenge. An international Jewish congress just held in Amsterdam has proclaimed an international boycott on all German goods and transportation facilities.

WHETHER this action will be attended by the success predicted by Samuel Untermyer, the noted New York attorney who led the movement, remains to be seen. There are indications that the Jewish bourgeoisie is divided as to the advisability of such a step. The British, Lettish and many other national trade-union units have already decided to initiate a boycott; the Jewish organizations of London decided to abstain from corporate action and left it to the individual to support such a movement. This hesitancy on the part of the Jewish bourgeoisie and its short-sighted fear of possible consequences for the Jews still in Germany is not limited to Europe. We are reliably informed that President Roosevelt was dissuaded from intervening in Berlin against Jewish persecution by Mr. Felix Warburg, who warned him that such a step on the part of the American government would harm rather than help the German Jews. The result has been an increasingly offensive attitude against American Jews in Germany. Uniformed Nazis are permitted to abuse inoffensive American citizens with impunity. Washington should take matters into its own hands instead of entrusting its Berlin representatives with the thankless task of registering protest after useless protest with the German authorities.

NOTHING has been more characteristic of American middle-class life in the past decade than magazines filled with advertisements of anti-fat remedies. For all our alleged devotion to sport, millions of us eat too much and exercise too little, so that advertisers are able to make fortunes by promising to restore the slender figure of early youth without risk or laborious exercise or painful dieting. All these advertisements are false: the remedies either contain thyroid extract, which is extremely dangerous, or else they have no effect upon the weight. Now at last, however, comes news of a drug which seems to accomplish the miracle of effective weight-reducing. It is alpha-dinitrophenol, and it is announced by Doctors W. C. Cutting, H. G. Mehrtens and M. L. Tainter, of San Francisco, in the sober pages of the American Medical Association Journal. This drug has the effect of increasing the rate of metabolism, a small dose resulting in an increase which may be as much as 30 percent. It is possible, indeed, to give an overdose which produces a fatal fever. When the drug was given daily to nine people for periods of one to ten weeks,

> none of the patients experienced or showed signs of nervousness, anxiety, trembling, hunger or palpitation. . . . All these subjects lost body weight without resort to dietary restrictions. . . . The average loss was two

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> pounds a week. . . . These patients . . . felt better and more active than before.

No one, of course, should go to his doctor, or to the drugstore and ask for dinitrophenol. Quite apart from the fact that you can kill yourself with an overdose, it is possible that hidden dangers may lurk in its use. Certain individuals may be dangerously affected by it; delayed reactions may appear which do grave harm to any user. It may have disastrous effects upon those who suffer from certain diseases. The authors end their article by saying, "We urge that, for the present, dinitrophenol be used only as an experimental therapeutic procedure in carefuly selected patients under close observation by the physician . . . There are limitations to and possible dangers from the use of the drug clinically." If we assume, however, that eventually it is found safe for the general population, an economic revolution will follow in its wake. Manufacturers of rowing machines and other gymnasium apparatus will find their sales enormously curtailed. Other anti-fat remedies will perhaps be driven off the market. Certain health resorts will no longer be patronized, and manufacturers of clothing, furniture and other products for the excessively stout will see their patronage dwindle. Those who now suffer from obesity will be able to work harder and be more productive than before, and will probably thereby come into conflict with future interpretations of the Industrial Recovery Act. . . . Perhaps on the whole it would be better to suppress alpha-dinitrophenol. We are in trouble enough as it is.

IN THE past week, aviation news has almost succeeded in crowding even President Roosevelt off the front page—a feat which anyone would have said a fortnight ago was impossible. We have had General Balbo's continuation of his twenty-four-airplane flight from Italy to Chicago and return. Wiley Post has flown alone around the world, breaking by many hours the record which he and Harold Gatty had previously made in the same plane. Jimmy Mattern has reached American territory after his miraculous escape from death in the wilds of northern Siberia. Captain James Mollison and his wife, who as Amy Johnson is perhaps the most popular English flier, have made the perilous east-west crossing, crashing in a swamp near Bridgeport, Connecticut, after Captain Mollison had spent thirty-seven hours at the controls. How much has any of these adventures contributed to the science of aviation? General Balbo and his men have demonstrated that mass flights are now possible, given elaborate and expensive preparation. Mr. Mattern's latest hop is chiefly a tribute to the gallantry and skill of Russian aviators. The Mollisons' flight was a stunt, like a dozen others. Wiley Post proved the usefulness of several comparatively recent inventions: the "robot pilot," the radio compass and a propeller whose pitch can be changed to suit varying conditions. However, he could have demonstrated these just as well, and perhaps better, by flying back and forth the same distance between New York and San Francisco. These recent flights give no reason to abandon the opinion that the overwhelming majority of such adventures are undertaken for commercial or propaganda purposes, that they do little to advance the cause of aviation and that, as we said last week, they ought to be limited through a general system of licenses so that an aviator could not start out on a reckless enterprise of this sort unless, in the judgment of the experts, he has a good chance of coming through alive.

THE flight of twenty-four airplanes from Italy to Chicago was of course intended primarily as a propaganda enterprise. General Balbo telegraphed to Mussolini, "There is no anti-Fascism in America," and while the statement is not true, there is every reason why he should have thought it so. He and his men have been greeted everywhere with enthusiasm for which his own qualities, and the gallantry and skill of his men, are far more responsible than is any American affection for Fascism. While the Socialists have attempted a protest against what they see as a wave of pro-Italian sentiment, their voices seem to have been drowned out by the clamor from the other camp. Italian propagandists have taken advantage of the opportunity to point out how much better is Fascism of Mussolini's variety than is that of Hitler; and in certain aspects and notably the treatment of the Jews, this is undeniably true. They might also have pointed out that Italian Fascism is older than that of Germany; age brings a certain degree of respectability, and some of the excesses of the early years are doubtless afterwards regretted even by those who participated in them. In our judgment, the propaganda value of such an adventure as that of Balbo and his men is exaggerated both by its friends and its foes. Six months hence, we should expect that it had been pretty well forgotten. Such artificial and sudden developments of international amity die away as quickly as they are created.

ONE minor but fortunate result of the depression has been the agreement to amalgamate two unions which in the past have frequently engaged in jurisdictional disputes, to the detriment of the rank and file—the United Hatters of North America, and the Cloth Hat, Cap and Millinery Workers' International Union. Amalgamation to eliminate friction of this sort and to create unions more nearly corresponding to existing industrial aggregates has long been an aim of radicals in the labor movement, but it happens all too seldom in fact. It is easy to argue the abstract desirability of such a measure, difficult to adjust the practical obstacles which lie in the way. It goes without saying that if we are ever to have in this country a labor movement worthy of the name, it must be organized so as to fit the industrial structure. The inauguration of the Recovery Act gives an even sharper point to this obser-

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vation, since the economic government being formed under it proceeds industry by industry.

SEVERAL years ago, people began worrying about what bootleggers and allied gangsters would do after prohibition had been repealed and their biggest industry had again been restored to the light of day. It was then suggested that one of the occupations to which they might turn would be kidnaping, which they had long practised within their own ranks. Repeal is now only a few months away, and the country has seen a number of recent cases in which wealthy individuals have been held for ransom. Does it follow that we may expect such cases to multiply ten or a hundredfold within the next year or two? There is no evidence that it does. We do not know what proportion of the kidnapers involved in recent cases are or ever have been engaged in bootlegging. It is just as plausible to suppose that publicity in the daily press regarding one or two sensational ransom cases has put the idea into the heads of a miscellaneous lot of criminals or potential criminals. If past experience proves anything at all, it is that desperate punishments, such as making the interstate transportation of a kidnaping victim the occasion for the death sentence, do not stamp out crime. A high degree of likelihood that the criminal will be detected and punished helps; but in the long run crime can only be prevented by careful study of the whole social milieu from which it springs, and by measures strictly comparable to those of preventive medicine.

Gambling vs. Social Planning

NO NEWS in many weeks should have been so pleasing to those who are guiding the government's recovery program as the recent declines in the speculative markets. It had been recognized all along that the greatest danger threatening recovery was that it would turn out to be merely a speculative fantasy, erected on the prospect of inflation, rather than a solid structure based on sufficiently greater industrial activity and employment, on large enough demand from the final users of goods and services. Obviously the speculative pinnacles were rising far above the lowly foundations. The more these pinnacles gained on the rest of the structure, the further and harder must be their fall. An early tumble was therefore welcome. If prices of stocks and commodities had gone on rising at the recent pace for a few months more, we might readily have repeated the experience of 1920, when the inflationary jump from the recession of 1919 took us over into the bog of 1921. If, after the recent recession, the speculative advance should be resumed in full force, danger will again threaten.

The embarrassments to the more solid parts of the economic program caused by the action of speculators have been little realized by the general public. It has long been apparent, for instance, to the agricultural administration, that the wheat boosters were kiting the price far above any level justified by the immediate relationship of demand and supply. So far had the price risen when the time arrived to impose the processing tax and plan the acreage restriction that the necessity for these measures was being questioned by many superficial commentators. It was, indeed, somewhat difficult for the Secretary of Agriculture to embark on these "artificial devices for bringing about the pre-war parity between agricultural and other prices at a time when this parity was being rapidly approached through speculative action in the wheat market itself. There was even a suspicion that a boom had been deliberately encouraged to defeat the control. The fact that the Secretary decided to go ahead with the original plan was a clear sign that he believed that the speculators had run wild, and that the quotations they had created could not be maintained for long without action which would limit next year's crop.

After the restriction campaign was inaugurated, a new danger arose. The speculators, in addition to overdiscounting the effect of this year's weather conditions and of inflation, as they had done before, went on to new excesses on the basis of the restriction program. Their exposed position invited a collapse of prices to a level lower than that which was really justified, and such a drop started at the very time when the farmers were beginning to market their wheat. How demoralized the market might have become was seen when it was discovered that one margin speculator alone held millions of bushels, which, on account of the fal which already had taken place, would have had to be sold out at whatever they would bring, if the authorities had not imposed price restrictions. Thus the farmers would have suffered needlessly on account of the mistaken judgment and greed for profits of men who perform no services whatever in the physical production or distribution of the staff of life.

The stock-market boom carried a less immediate threat to the industrial program, but it was nevertheless a decided element of danger. Many in the business community still fatuously believe that the ticker is a reliable barometer of general welfare. With stocks soaring and speculative profits rolling in, recovery seemed almost an accomplished fact, and the need for other measures became less impressive. Industries began to balk at raising wages, reducing hours and accepting the other control measures.

Stocks were, of course, largely discounting inflation. The ultimate danger was equally great, whether the discounting was excessive or justified. The norm about which stocks vary is prospective profit. If sufficient profits were not to materialize, the overdiscounting would lead to a market collapse, with reverberations in industry and employment all too unpleasantly known. The higher and longer the overdiscounting, the greater the danger. If, on the other hand, business profits did grow

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rapidly enough to validate the almost perpendicular rise which many stock prices had experienced, that would indicate inflation of the worst and most impermanent sort. Such great profits would merely be an indication that prices of manufactured goods were too high in relation to wages and cost of raw materials; the result would have been, so long as prosperity lasted, a piling up of inventories and fixed capital, active markets for luxury goods, overinvestment and conspicuous waste on the part of the rich—and thereafter another severe depression. This of course is just what the New Deal is designed to avoid.

The vagaries of the speculative markets cannot be passed over merely as the success of clever insiders in catching suckers, who, on account of their silly chase for the bait, deserve to be caught. Unlike lotteries and horse racing, this sort of gambling involves the welfare of millions who never bet at all. Nor can the harm done be glossed over by references to dusty economists who neatly explain the services performed by the imaginary ideal speculator in an imaginary ideal world. According to these simple souls, speculators are a group of shrewd traders who, on the average, foresee the future of farm, factory and mine prices better than the lay citizen. By buying when prices are low and selling when prices are high, they dampen down the variations of the price curve and assume risks which the ordinary producer and consumer are unfitted to carry. Now, really! If anything is obvious from the behavior of the speculative markets in recent years, it is that they greatly exaggerate normal price variations. The few shrewd speculators are those who foresee, not what prices will result from the demand for and supply of commodities and industrial products, but what prices of stocks will result from induced speculative fevers. And the rest of the speculators are excitable, ignorant, superstitious gamblers who never pay attention to fundamentals but scurry hither and thither like a flock of sheep.

Speculation as now practised is too socially wasteful a way to exchange goods and fix values. Nevertheless it can hardly be regulated into decency. So long as a free market is maintained, there is probably no way to keep anyone out who wants to speculate and can scrape together the necessary cash or credit. To forbid short selling without forbidding long buying is inconsistent, and to forbid both is next to impossible in a speculative market. The reduction or abolition of margins might slow down speculative movements, but it would be a measure extremely difficult to enforce. To limit the range of price movements on any given day may be justified as a temporary curb, but it is too simple a nostrum to eradicate the underlying disease.

The only real alternative to the speculative market is planned production and exchange of goods, and the elimination of the profit-trader entirely. It is conceivable, for instance, that wheat acreage be planned in relation to prospective demand, that wheat be sold by coöperative groups of producers directly to millers or exporters, and that unforeseen variations in supply due to variations in yield be handled by a governmental or coöperative stabilization agency. It is conceivable that the needs of industry for capital be calculated on the basis of programs for production, prices and wages and that the financing of these capital needs be out of true social savings, socially controlled. In that case, the risks of new enterprise would have to be carried by the whole community, or at least by industrial or financial aggregates, rather than by profit-seeking individuals. Changes of this sort would require a fundamental alteration of the whole capitalist structure. We now have crude elements out of which they could be developed, but we have far to go before they could really begin to operate.

Not the least of the dangers confronting the New Deal is that old-fashioned speculation, based on old-fashioned methods of financing commodities and business, will overpower all attempts to rationalize the economic system. As long as anarchistic individuals are free to gamble for profits instead of earning a living by the production or distribution of goods and services, profit-gambling rather than social planning is likely to be the major directive force of our economy.

Litvinov's London Triumph

THE London Economic Conference has been pictured for us as the nadir in comic futility. As far as progress towards economic agreement is concerned, this is true. But it is now clear that, behind the Conference's vacuous façade, intense political activity has gone on, and that the result of this activity has been to bring about a complete realignment of the forces of world diplomacy.

Consider the triumphs of Litvinov. Litvinov concluded non-aggression pacts with Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan—all the countries on Russia's western and southwestern borders. He settled the Metro-Vickers spy affair with England and opened negotiations for a new English-Russian trade treaty. He was waited upon by Dr. Raymond Moley, and it is guessed that when Mr. Roosevelt musters sufficient courage, the United States will extend recognition. Finally, crossing over to Paris, Litvinov found himself showered with attentions by the Daladier Cabinet in a manner reminiscent of prewar, Tsarist days.

Far from being a futile affair, the London Conference—at least on its political side—has been one of the busiest and most significant gatherings since Versailles. It has marked the definitive reëmergence of Soviet Russia as a great power, and the reëstablishment of Russian influence in the Slav nations of east Europe. More than this, it has marked the beginning of French-Russian coöperation against Hitlerite Germany.

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Russia's new status ought to provide it, henceforth, with a considerable degree of security. To appreciate the full measure of Litvinov's achievements at London, it is necessary to remember the immensely precarious position which the U.S.S.R. has occupied, internationally, ever since 1917. The counter-revolutions of 1919-21 had no formal ending. The White armies simply retired intact to Czechoslovakia and Rumania, there to bide their time. The possibility always existed that they might again attack Russia, with the support of reactionary groups in Poland, Rumania, England and France.

On at least two occasions this danger has been extremely acute. In 1927, at a meeting in Geneva of representatives of England, France, Germany and Italy, Sir Austen Chamberlain proposed a world economic embargo of Russia. At that time—just at the beginning of the agricultural collectivization campaign—there was supposed to be great discontent among Russian peasants, and it was widely assumed that Sir Austen's embargo was intended to prepare the way for a fresh counter-revolutionary attempt against Russia. The late Gustav Stresemann, however, refused to join Sir Austen's anti-Soviet coalition without first receiving important concessions from France, and on this point the meeting finally collapsed.

Another period of acute danger came in the autumn of 1931 during Japan's invasion of Manchuria, when the Japanese seized the Russian-owned Chinese Eastern Railway and advanced close to the Siberian border. Reactionary groups in London and Paris, rejoicing, announced that Japan, "the gendarme of the East," was fighting the battle of capitalism in the Orient, and merited the full support of capitalist Europe. Had Russia, at that time, become involved in open war with Japan, unquestionably there would have been tremendous pressure from these reactionary groups for counter-revolutionary intervention across Russia's Polish and Rumanian frontiers.

Today Russia, the former outcast among nations, is the honored friend of half the governments of Europe. Within the last few weeks, for example, we have had the curious spectacle of Marshal Pilsudski of Poland, ancient arch-enemy of Russia, fêting a Soviet envoy, Owsiejenko, in regal fashion. What has produced this change? Certainly one thing has been the continued energy and ruthlessness displayed by the Stalin regime in stamping out peasant disaffection, and in building up Russia's armed forces. Even as recently as a year and a half ago, there were plenty of people in Europe who believed that counter-revolution in Russia was still possible; now no sensible person believes it has a chance of success. Counter-revolutionary activity in Europe has, consequently, suddenly lost most of its importance.

But the primary reason, of course, for Russia's new international popularity is the rise of Hitler. When Hitler came to power last January, Poland and the countries of the Little Entente were terror-stricken, and looked to their ally, France, to take a strong stand against Hitler's pan-German ambitions. At that moment, however, France was being pressed by America, England and Italy to come to an agreement with Germany on disarmament, and France was fearful of becoming isolated. So the French temporized. Then, in March, Mussolini announced his Four Power "Peace Club" which, in its original form, openly proposed treaty revision at the expense of Poland and the Little Entente. Still France appeared to hesitate. In frantic desperation, Poland and the Little Entente set about forming a bloc among themselves to resist revision even at the cost of war, and in their extremity they besought support from Soviet Russia. It is now known that Russia, in the person of Potemkin, Soviet Ambassador to Italy, had an active share in the formation of the anti-Hitler, Polish-Little Entente bloc, and in the bloc's subsequent success in denaturing the "Peace Club" pact.

The present situation in Europe, in many ways, forms a startling parallel to the situation existing before the World War. Today, as then, Slav and Teuton stand opposed to each other in east Europe. Today, as then, Germany has become "ringed around by steel." But today, Germany, reduced in territory and population, and without its old ally, Austria-Hungary, is in a far weaker position than it was before 1914. As long as the present co-operation among France, Poland, the Little Entente countries and Soviet Russia can be maintained, it is going to be manifestly suicidal for Hitler to attempt foreign aggression.

There is one other difference, besides the comparative weakness of Germany, between the present situation and the situation before the World War. Russia is no longer an imperialist power; it is the world's first communist state. Stalin has repeatedly said that he seeks only to build up a strong socialist community within Russia's borders, and that he has no wish to interfere in the affairs of other nations. Before 1914 the influence of Tsarist Russia in the Balkans was a constant menace to peace. Today the reëntry of Soviet Russia into the politics of east Europe ought to be a powerful factor for stability.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A War Debt Catechism

Q. What are the war debts?

A. Debts owed to the United States government by our Allies in the World War, for loans made to them during and after the War.

Q. How much were the total loans?

A. $10,350 million.

Q. How much was loaned before the Armistice?

A. $7,000 million.

Q. How was the money sent to Europe?

A. The money was not sent to Europe. It was paid to American manufacturers, farmers and other business men by a committee of the American War Industries Board.

Q. What for?

A. Munitions of war, food, cotton and other supplies sent to our Allies; transportation, shipping, interest.

Q. How much was loaned after the Armistice?

A. $2,500 million, plus $740 million in relief supplies.

Q. How was this after-the-Armistice money sent to Europe?

A. It was not sent to Europe. It was practically all spent in the United States for the purchase of war supplies, cereals and cotton sent to our Allies.

Q. Why were these loans made to the allied powers after the Armistice?

A. The principal reason given by the Secretary of the Treasury was that these loans would enable American business men to complete their wartime contracts with the allied powers. If these contracts were suddenly canceled, he said, it would have an injurious effect upon American business.

Q. How much of the total loan has been repaid?

A. Approximately $1,000 million of the principal and $2,000 million in interest.

Q. How much is the total debt now?

A. About $11,500 million.

Q. How can that be? It was less than that in the first place.

A. For several years no interest was paid. Part of the accrued interest was added to the debt.

Q. Didn't the United States cancel a large part of the war debt some years ago?

A. No. There have been two cancellations of interest.

Q. Why was that done?

A. The original rate was 5 percent. Congress concluded that was pretty high, so it authorized the Treasury to figure accrued interest at 4½ percent, the same as on our Liberty bonds. That canceled part of the back interest. Later, when funding agreements were made with the different nations owing money to us, interest was figured at a lower rate still. Great Britain's average interest over 62 years is 3.3 percent, so in the case of the British debt the United States canceled the difference between 5 percent and 3.3 percent. In the case of France we canceled the difference between 5 percent and 1.6 percent. In the case of Italy, we canceled all but four-tenths of one percent interest.

Q. Why was there such a difference?

A. It was based upon a supposed difference in ability to pay.

Q. Why should England pay 3.3 percent while France pays only 1.6 percent?

A. Because England was looked upon as a wealthy, powerful nation, while France was poor and struggling.

Q. How much does England owe?

A. $4,300 million.

Q. How much gold has England?

A. $800 million.

Q. How much does France owe?

A. $3,800 million.

Q. How much gold has France?

A. $3,400 million.

Q. Then is France really a poorer and more struggling nation than England?

A. Not poorer, but more struggling. France struggles much harder to keep her gold.

Q. With all that gold, why did France refuse to pay the $19 million instalment of December, 1932?

A. Because Germany had stopped paying reparations.

Q. What did that have to do with it?

A. The French people had expected to pay the debt with money obtained from Germany.

Q. Had we agreed to that?

A. No.

Q. Then why should the French have such an expectation?

A. It seemed a natural line of reasoning to them. Germany was to pay the cost of the War. The debt to the United States was part of the cost of the War. Therefore Germany should pay the French debt. That was the way they figured it.

Q. Had Germany been doing so?

A. Yes. All French payments on the war debt were made with reparations money from Germany.

Q. Where did Germany get the money?

A. Germany borrowed it from the United States.

Q. So the United States loaned money to Germany with which to pay France so that France could use it to pay the United States?

A. Yes.

Q. What about England?

A. It was the same way there, only more roundabout. The United States loaned money to Germany. Germany paid it to France. France used part of it to pay on her war debt to England. England sent it to the United States.

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Q. Of the entire $3,000 million paid by European nations on their war debts to the United States since the Armistice, how much was paid out of American money loaned to Europe?

A. All of it.

Q. Then the United States really hasn't collected a cent?

A. Not a cent. We have merely loaned the money with which we have been repaid.

Q. Why did Germany quit paying reparations?

A. Because the United States quit loaning money to her.

Q. Then the war-debt payments have in reality stopped because we have stopped loaning our debtors the money with which to repay us?

A. Exactly.

Q. How did we ever let them put over a trick like that?

A. It wasn't a trick. It was the result of economic law.

Q. What economic law? What is the real reason we can't collect our war debts?

A. The fundamental reason is that we made the loans in the form of goods, and we insist on being repaid in gold.

Q. Why shouldn't the debtors pay in gold?

A. The debts amount to $11,500 million and there is only $6,000 million in gold in the entire world outside the United States. We are also trying to collect the interest on $15,000 million of private loans made by Americans in foreign countries, and we want that in gold. We are also trying to collect our favorable balance of trade in gold instead of taking goods. It can't be done, and the effort to do it has wrecked the money systems of the world and brought international trade nearly to a standstill.

Q. But is there any evidence that the European countries want to pay these debts?

A. No.

Q. Why don't they?

A. These debts were occasioned by the World War, and nobody likes to pay for a dead horse.

Q. Is there any way we can collect them?

A. Yes.

Q. How?

A. By taking payment in goods and services. By importing more goods than we export. By accepting an "unfavorable" balance of trade.

Q. Is this generally understood?

A. It has been said a thousand times in the past ten years and still the country won't believe it.

Q. In a case like this, where the country refuses to believe an undeniable fact, isn't there some economic reason for refusing to believe it?

A. There are two reasons. One is a simple failure to understand that gold is merely a token for goods, and can be used only in limited amounts to take care of a minor variation in imports and exports. This attitude is typified in Calvin Coolidge's famous remark about the war debts, "They hired the money, didn't they?" To which the answer is, "No, they received $10,000 million worth of American goods, and the only way we can be repaid is by $10,000 million worth of European goods." The other reason is economic. It is our unwillingness to receive $10,000 million worth of European goods because to do so would displace an equal amount of goods produced by American industry.

Q. Is that a sound objection to having the war debts paid in goods?

A. The issue is more fundamental. It isn't just a question of having the war debts paid in goods, but of taking goods for the entire $26,000 million of American overseas investments. We have our choice of taking our pay in goods and services, or writing practically the entire $26,000 million off as a loss. If we decide to take the goods, it means a huge shift in our industrial system. Our nation must plan for more leisure, letting Europe do part of our work. The fact is that we have paid $26,000 million for a European valet, and don't want him to work.

Q. But how can we let Europe do part of our work when we have too many to do our own work?

A. There's the rub. We can't, without a complete change of policy.

Q. Then, when we refuse to accept goods in payment of the debt, aren't we ourselves proposing to cancel it?

A. Exactly. In theory we say, "Pay." But in practice we say, "Cancel."

Q. How will it end?

A. In cancellation. The economic forces opposing payment are too powerful.

Q. But suppose both sides sat down at a table and tried to figure out a way of paying the debts, without taking Europe's gold and without flooding us with European goods. Couldn't it be done?

A. Something could be done, of course.

Q. Well, what?

A. Take the case of France. If France wanted to, it would be quite simple to place $50 million a year in French francs in trust with American consuls in France, to be used only in cashing travelers' checks for tourists, the checks being sent to the United States Treasury for credit on the war debt. That would discharge the debt through "invisible imports."

Q. What are invisible imports?

A. Look under the heading, Balance of Trade.

Q. What is the objection?

A. The money given to the consuls would have to be raised by taxation. Also, it would subtract an equal amount from the invisible imports now used to balance the French trade account with the United States.

Q. Wouldn't the French make up for that by overcharging the tourists?

A. Undoubtedly they would try to, but it is hard to see how the present job of overcharging could be improved upon.

Q. Is any other system of war-debt payment possible?

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A. Yes. Our European debtors could collect American securities owned in Europe, sell them in the United States and apply the proceeds on the war debts. That was done during the World War, directly or indirectly, to an enormous extent.

Q. How was it done indirectly?

A. Taxation in Europe became so heavy as the War went on that people were forced to sell American securities to pay taxes.

Q. Would that solve the war-debt problem?

A. The war debt could be reduced, but it would only intensify the problem of private foreign debt. The interest we send to Europe on these American securities helps to balance our foreign trade. If we no longer send interest, Europe will owe us just that much more gold every year.

Q. Then the paying of the debt in American securities wouldn't really help?

A. Not a particle. The net indebtedness would remain the same.

Q. Net indebtedness?

A. Yes. The difference between what the world owes us and what we owe the world. That is what counts in figuring the balance of trade.

Q. Well, if that plan won't work, what about disarmament? Look at the way the European powers waste money on armaments. Take England. England spends $500 million a year on her army and navy while we spend only—what does the United States spend a year on the army and navy?

A. $700 million.

Q.—While we spend only $700 million. Now if England would cut that down to a reasonable figure, say cut it in half, wouldn't that make $250 million a year that could be paid on the war debt?

A. The answer to that is another question. How would it be paid?

Q. How? Well, how is the cost of armaments paid now? Out of the British treasury, isn't it?

A. Yes. To British citizens, to be spent for British goods, in England. How would it be paid to the United States?

Q. Well, how would it?

A. In gold, which England hasn't got. In goods, which we won't take. In services, which we have no use for. In securities, which merely shift the debt from one form to another. All the armies and navies in Europe could be abolished tomorrow, and the war-debt-payment problem would be just what it is today, a problem of transfer—in gold, in goods, or nothing.

Q. Didn't we issue Liberty bonds to make these loans? If Europe won't pay, won't we have to tax ourselves to pay off the Liberty bonds?

A. We surely will.

Q. Well, doesn't that prove we are right, morally?

A. Morally, we are always right.

Q. France has gold. Why can't France pay?

A. France cherishes the delusion that this money was a gift to make the world safe for democracy.

Q. Where did that idea originate?

A. Mostly in the French imagination. But several unfortunate remarks were made in Congress, during the debate on granting the first war loans in 1917. The chairman of the House Appropriations Committee said he cared little whether the money was ever repaid, if it preserved American lives by strengthening our Allies. Senator Smoot said that he believed the money would be repaid, "but if it should not be, or if not one penny of it is returned, I wish to say that every penny of it will be expended for the defense of the principles in which we believe and which we entered the War to uphold." It is possible that if any copies of The Congressional Record reached France, the remarks may have been read by Frenchmen.

Q. It has been quite plain since the War ended that we wanted to collect, hasn't it?

A. Anybody can see that.

Q. Then why should France get the idea that the end of reparations meant the end of war debts?

A. That belief was partly due to a misunderstanding of American politics. President Hoover told Premier Laval in 1931 that reparations must be out of the way before war-debt revision could be taken up. The French people understood that to mean that when reparations were out of the way, war-debt revision would be taken up. That was the final influence that led France to cancel reparations. But when Mr. Hoover tried to carry out his implied promise, Congress passed a resolution forbidding revision.

Q. Did Mr. Hoover have authority to make such a promise?

A. No. But the French people thought he did, and they now think the United States broke a promise and caused them to abandon reparations on false pretenses.

Q. Why don't they renew the claim for reparations?

A. Humpty Dumpty can't be put together again.

Q. What is this likely to cost us, altogether, if we don't collect any more?

A. The loss on the war debts would be $11,000 million. The total loss is hard to estimate, for it consists mainly of the effect of the war debts upon the depression. If the war-debt tangle has lengthened the depression by one year, which is a modest estimate, it has cost the American people the amount they lost in national income for that year, or $45,000 million.

Q. Mightn't that be an exaggeration?

A. Certainly. It may not have lengthened the depression by more than six months. That would have cost us only $22,000 million.

Q. Even that may be exaggerated, may it not?

A. Undoubtedly. If the war debts have lengthened the depression but three months, the loss is only $11,000 million.

Q. That's just what the war debts themselves amount to, isn't it?

A. Yes.

IRVING BRANT.

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Poetry and Politics

CRITICS of all shades of opinion seem to agree that an epoch in American poetry has just closed. The dates of the epoch are not fixed, but we are not much interested in dates. The zeal that two very different schools of critics, the Humanists and the Communists, have shown in their desire to fix the end of an epoch precisely at the end of the last decade is obviously suspect, but that zeal may have blundered into the truth. Grant that an epoch has ended: no idea at present in the air has made good its claim to trusteeship over the new decade. The standard of official Humanism was never lower. The Communists have yet to produce a distinguished poet; when they do they will have to stretch even the Marxian dialectic in order to prove that doctrine has made him what he is. It is difficult to foresee any qualities in the coming age—which according to prophecy should already be partly here—that are not, strictly considered, survivals of the post-war era, or revivals of qualities from remoter pasts. Our poetry is still largely centered in the Romantic personality.

To play football we subscribe to rules that remind us constantly that we are not playing checkers: to discuss poetry we assume in it certain features that seem to give us reasonable assurance that we know what we are talking about. We assume that it is neither science nor politics, and we assume positively that it is a fine art. The fine arts are naïve; they gather up the materials they require, from past and present, without taking too much thought of the winds of political doctrine. That is one of the immoral habits that poetry has formed in seven thousand years of error under the caste system. There is, however, no reason for thinking that the capitalistic errors of art will disappear under the Commune. Poetry may disappear, or it may, as Mr. Edmund Wilson piously hopes, become an adjunct to politics in that it will show the state some of the obscurer operations of our minds that have always been too imperfectly controlled. But shall we then have poetry? It is a nice question on the point of a needle, a question both of logic and of fact. For the danger lies in the Communist belief, or the Methodist belief, or the Manichean belief, that the arts have always been fundamentally propaganda.

The future, we arrogantly believe, is none of our business. It is merely our privilege to ask, not what an art will be like ten years hence, but what its distinctive quality is at present. We may even be narrow and frivolous about it, and ask: Is there any verse of our time in America that would please a fine intelligence like that of Thibaut-le-Grand as much, say, as his lines to the Queen of Heaven continue to please us? All frivolous questions are difficult: it is easier to ask of an art the serious question, Is it monistic or pantheistic? Does it indicate that our sexual lives are in order? In the valedictory cries to the end of the last decade my own frivolous question was not asked. The critics were nervous. They feared to evaluate the poetry lest the doctrine in it should turn out in 1940 to be at the end of the race.

It is plain to enlightened minds, and we are all enlightened, that the verses to the Queen of Heaven, to which I have alluded, are a rationalization of the oppression of the French peasants by the thirteenth-century nobles. It is true that the peasants aren't mentioned. But the morbid introspection of the poet, who happened to be a great noble, is a symptom of the spiritual bankruptcy of the nobility, who took little interest in statistics and justified it with complaints to the Virgin. The Virgin is one of those figmentary escapes from economic reality to which it is always safe to address our insincere humility:

La souris quiert pour son cors garandir
Contre l'yver la nois et le forment
Et nous chaitif nous n'alons rien querant
Quant nous morrons ou nous puissions garir . . .

Let them eat cake, says the noble poet, pouring out his neurotic troubles, to a Lady who never existed, in lines so precise and lucid, and so subtle in their grasp of elusive feeling, that the art of verse has never been able to reproduce the effect in any other age.

We shall, if we can, have to forgive him this. If we can't we had better keep our mouths shut about art altogether. For if poetry is a proof of anything but a high moment in our lives—it may not even prove that—then it is up to those who think it indicates "something else" to say precisely what that something is. It is a small demand to make upon men who are eager, in behalf of no very set purpose, to tamper with an object that already perfectly exists. The poet may be a politician—Thibaut was a politician. But the politician had better offer a prayer to the Virgin, and await her answer, before he attempts to build the state out of verse. Thibaut, we may surmise, would be amused at a group of men who drape their political notions upon the arts simply because they have not the political talent to put them into action.

We are frivolous, and remembering this the reader, if he choose, may follow the argument. We are not concerned with tendencies. We do not care what truth in poetry is. We care very little about Mr. I. A. Richards, and we care just as little for Mr. Kenneth Burke, who finds the spring water so

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full of bacteria that, bitterly, he distills the water off and, laughing a long mad laugh, devours the bacteria alone.

This is an essay; so, for convenience, we shall look at American verse since 1900, without looking too hard, in three divisions. The two first compartments are geographical. Mr. Robinson published, I believe, his first book as early as 1896, and although Mr. Frost appeared first nineteen years later, he belongs to the pre-war era: they are the heads of New England, the honored flood. The Middle Western section—Masters, Sandburg, Lindsay—began with the publication of "The Spoon River Anthology" serially in Reedy's Mirror in 1914. The decline of the movement will probably date from Lindsay's death in December, 1931. The third division of recent American verse must take in all the vast number of unclassifiable poets; yet on the whole they may be said to have been directly or indirectly affected by the ideas and practice of Eliot and Pound.

We need not look at these familiar groups too narrowly. Our purpose is simple. We wish to see if there is anything here that would please Thibaut of Champagne. He knows nothing of our history, and we can expect him to be interested in it only where it achieves the special clarity of art. He is intelligently disposed—hell being the school where historical relativity, or the art of understanding every point of view but one's own, is quickly learned—and he knows that, beneath our raw and hasty symbols, we are trying to see the Virgin too. He sees the sexual symbolism in the boring of our oil wells and mines, and although, he says, she must be eternally the Virgin, he understands that men have made her a whore. He waives the necessity of strict dogma as a gracious concession to our age, for the purpose of judging the quality of our verse.

He need not read it all. It may be quickly pointed out to him that, except for three or four pieces in Spoon River, the Midwest renascence produced little that a seasoned mind, that knows what a newspaper is, can read. Thibaut is astonished at the slovenly verse, puzzled by the inaccurate expression of emotion. He wonders why these poets wrote at all, about things that they did not understand. (He has never heard of Romantic personality.) Of course, not knowing our history, he must be told that understanding took leave of the ancestors of these poets about a century ago; they lost the tools of comprehension and weltered in the miscellaneous objects that flowed by them. They had no way of saying: This is fear, that is love, that is hate. Nor, this is good and that evil. They paid their bills, stared at the prairie, and said: We're as good as anybody. They catalogued objects in the stockyards, and said: What a wonderful country this is. They had no subjects that seemed to engage their whole minds at any one moment, though they hymned large universals like Democracy and America as if they could see and touch them. There was poverty of thought because the feeling was very thin. It is difficult after five years' distance from the excitement created by these men to understand a word they said. The historical critic—who first lived in Duns Scotus long after Thibaut died—may exercise his sense of human perversity in explaining why the hog-butcher poets are impenetrably obscure, for all their simple-mindedness; but that is no part of our hospitality to the Count of Champagne.

It is different in New England. No one can fail to understand the New England poets, not even Thibaut. But we must tell him that what happens in their minds formerly, when he was alive, took place in the world of sense. He will grasp it with difficulty, as we do, and we shall have to explain further that the New Englanders are the moral descendants of the rich burghers at Rouen. They first looked upon the Virgin as the lady president of an insurance company, then rejected her because it turned out that she was simple, sensuous and passionate, the protectress of poets, barons, peasants and whores, and the inveterate enemy of people who paid their bills and lived in town. That is the beginning of New England. The external world, the world of sense and contingency—who knows? the Virgin's own world—is wicked, if you merely propose to enjoy it. The real New England poets are those who have passionately revolted against this state of spiritual affairs. They have given us, beginning with brief moments of illumination in Emerson, a fundamental and fully matured view of man and the world. Such a view does not make art; but we must have it to go on, even to rebel against, before we can settle down to the art of verse. The New England impulse is thinner now than it was: the New England poets, since 1900, have written possibly three hundred lines that can be read by persons who want poetry and not information about New England. The early lyrics of Mr. Robinson, more particularly "Luke Havergal," and a few pieces by Mr. Frost, are likely to be understood in a hundred years. Thibaut was always high-handed, and he knew too little of Detachment and Critical Method to feel any conscience about doing justice to what he considered dull:

> The shattered water made a misty din,
> Great waves looked over others coming in,
> And thought of doing something to the shore
> The water never did to land before.

The New Englanders who have tried to do something about this sort of Wrong Feeling—to which Thibaut would give the unpleasant name of heresy—are younger men like Putnam and Cummings, poets who are examining the implications of Mr. Frost's average and toneless sensibility. We shall leave the elder New Englanders with the reflection that their documentary interest is very great. For Mr. Robinson shows us what happens to men after

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God departs from a Nature that is all but effaced—leaving monotonous rumination without end, scruple where there is no longer anything to be scrupulous about. It is sad; it is interesting; it bears to the art of verse the same relation as the dishwater derived from the best dinner at Toulouse bears to the dinner itself. There is no principle in nature to prevent dishwater from achieving its own perfection; only no one would care about it.

This brings Thibaut to the third division of American verse: from dishwater to hash—for that is what the "XXX Cantos," Mr. Pound's great work, is. Perhaps it is not a great work; it is the repository of the most beautiful verse writing of our age. At least five of the Cantos are candidates to the permanent literature of the world. As a whole it cannot stand by the great architectural works of the past. Its subject lies wholly in the method and style: it attempts to precipitate from the contemporary moment those elements of Mediterranean culture that lie dormant in us. Thibaut will see the point, but he will be astonished at Mr. Pound's obtuseness: he will wonder why Mr. Pound thinks that the ideas of the past are valuable unless he can focus them with an idea of his own. Thibaut, having talked to Duns Scotus in the shades, knows what the Higher Criticism is. After a little meditation he will decide that his own lines to the Virgin contain everything out of his past that is relevant to his own position. He says that the Virgin occupies that position in her plenitude. He is amazed that a great artificer like Mr. Pound has no Virgin, and must therefore write his lines in praise of his own cleverness. He admires the perfect grace of the leopard walking the cage. Or perhaps we had better tell Thibaut that the magnificent verse of the Cantos is dry coral on the shore after the inhabitants have departed. No one can imitate it simply because, in the end, no one imitates lines; one imitates the Virgin and through her we understand the lines, and imitate them.

This is good enough evidence of the end of an epoch, or we had better say, since we are talking about America only, of the end of a brief period. Mr. Pound leaves this decade nothing to imitate. He will not even let us study his quantities and have him for our headmaster; we must acknowledge his "philosophy." The Cantos belong to the era of "culture" and "capitalism," but their author, who is revolutionary or bust, by heck, has cut off his monumental storehouse of technique from its proper beneficiaries. He bequeathes to us his rebellion—which is as realistic as his representation of American slang. He has presented the Cantos to the New-Communists, whose sense of its influence consists in short lines without capitals, disrespect for American citizens and the necessity for a revolution that is pretty to talk about—a mélange, indeed, that *épaté*-s not only the bourgeoisie but everybody else.

It is one of the ironies of recent literary history that Pound has supported the attacks on T. S. Eliot, and cut the ground from under his own Cantos. These attacks were directed presumably against Mr. Eliot's religion. They were attacks on the very substructure of poetry. For they set aside the only available poetry that has attained sufficient currency to provide for the American world of letters a principle of correct imitation. Thibaut may be a little perplexed by the mixed character of Eliot's Virgin, but he sees that he has some kind of Virgin at any rate; and he knows that the spiritual realities are not what we think we want in twenty years, but the best we can find towards salvation in the immense complexity of the moment. It is disastrous to project, in poetry, a political desire that has not been tried, for poetry deals with those ideas that have been tried, felt, perceived, seasoned in the mind and understood. A poetry composed of pragmatic abstractions does not illuminate, it conceals, the immediate situation of the poet. Art arises in particulars, and it arrives at order at the point of impact between the new particulars and whatever organized experience the poet has been able to acquire. The result may upset the ordinary assumptions of society. But only the half-poets, like Shelley, are revolutionists. When Baudelaire explored the Unknown he was not a revolutionist, for the Unknown was what lay under the sensibility that actually existed in his age. With his discovery in hand, the politicians were at liberty to do what they pleased about it.

The task of poetry is the constant rediscovery of the permanent nature of man. Propagandist art exhibits that side of his nature in which he is most interested at the moment; it is a temporary oversimplification of the human predicament; it leaves the total context of that predicament unexplored. The revolutionary art of our time, as of all times, is an escape from reality. It is a rationalization—here Thibaut bewilderedly sees only that we are using the enemy's guns—a rationalization of the present in terms of a future action that no one can possibly know anything about. We get neither art nor politics; we get heresy. The germ of heresy may lie merely in Wrong Feeling, as we have seen; at maturity it reaches a deliberate mixture of the modes. The modes of art and politics have always, as now, been mixed; but no other age seems to have lost as completely as we have lost it, the distinction of principle between the two modes.

The poets who can keep the modes pure are likely to survive this era and to be read in the thirteenth century by Thibaut-le-Grand. It is a remote audience. For the popular prestige of poetry has declined. It may be a good omen. The rewards of a quick career have less endurance than disciplined craftsmanship.

We are still in the third division of American verse. I think it may justly be called the division of the craftsmen. All, in one way or another, have been aware of Pound and Eliot, but they are now alone. There are men like MacLeish, Ransom,

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Cummings, Bishop, Putnam, perhaps as many others; but no one knows whether the next temper that American society develops will let these men attend to their business. To be craftsmen they must have a sure instinct for their role, and that instinct includes a definite understanding of its limits. Their job is praise of the Virgin, not the display of Romantic personality. The evil of Romantic personality underlies this essay, but the problem is distinct: it is enough here to point out that the work of Hart Crane brings the period to a close. Some of his work will doubtless survive; that part of it which will not survive is deeply imbedded in the Romantic personality. A sensibility that does not know the limits of sensibility is hostile to sound craftsmanship.

Good craft does not make great poetry, but there is no great poetry without it. It is not wholly a technical problem; the good craftsman must have a certain kind of character in relation to the act of writing, a character in itself, so far as the neighbors are concerned, neither virtuous nor vicious, but single in its application to the service of the Virgin. She must stand firm and clear before him. The Earl of Rochester was a fine craftsman; so was Michael Drayton:

> Your course securely steer,
> West and by south forth keep!
> Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals
> When Eolus scowls
> You need not fear;
> So absolute the deep.

This essay is written in vain if the reader supposes that it is desirable to imitate either Rochester's personal character or Drayton's style. Our model is the Virgin if she will consent to instruct us. What verse have we provided for the entertainment of Thibaut? No guest can be asked to say candidly what he has admired. ALLEN TATE.

Toward Socialism in Canada

WHILE the Empire Economic Conference was playing economic poker at Ottawa last August, a group of Farmer, Labor and Socialist leaders in Calgary were forming an organization which, from the standpoint of human welfare, and for Canada at least, seems likely to be productive of vastly greater results than any that may follow from the empire gathering.

This organization—the Coöperative Commonwealth Federation—is definitely pledged to the "establishment in Canada of a coöperative commonwealth in which the basic principle regulating production, distribution and exchange will be the supplying of human needs instead of the making of profits." It is pledged, among other things, to "the establishment of a planned system of social economy for the production, distribution and exchange of all goods and services," and the "socialization of the banking, credit and financial system of the country, together with the social ownership, development, operation and control of utilities and natural resources."

The United Farmers of Ontario, withdrawn for a decade from active politics following a disastrous attempt at government by an administration dominated by organized farmers, voted overwhelmingly to affiliate with the C.C.F. at their annual convention in Toronto early in December. Rival labor factions, barely able in the past to agree on anything, are getting into line. But, of much greater importance, the rank and file of city folk—workers, professional and business people—are clamoring to join the movement.

The C.C.F. is a federation of groups, and since these unorganized city people could not strictly be classed as Farmer, Labor or Socialist—in terms of previous membership—the original structure of the organization has been changed to allow the formation of C.C.F. Clubs to serve as media for the affiliation of these "bourgeois." It is this feature, looked upon with a certain amount of misgiving by the more orthodox laborites and Marxists, which distinguishes the Coöperative Commonwealth Federation from any other "socialist" movement yet evolved upon this continent.

Organization work is likewise proceeding in the provinces east of Ontario. So far in Quebec only the Canadian Labor party has affiliated, but steps are being taken to organize C.C.F. Clubs in the different cities. And before this appears in print it it more than probable that a third political party, already strong enough seriously to challenge the two historic parties, will have its lines of battle drawn from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

During the boom period which culminated so disastrously with the stock-market crash of 1929, the Liberals, under the leadership of W. L. Mackenzie King, were in power at Ottawa. Canada was superficially prosperous. Her export trade per capita was the greatest in the world. She stood fifth among the nations in actual volume of trade. But with the coming of the depression Canadian cities rapidly became crowded with idle workers. Social agencies were unable to cope with the problem of caring for these new poor.

Responsibility for relief in such circumstances is a matter for local authorities; when they fail, the duty, of course, devolves upon the provinces; and if they, too, fail, upon the federal government.

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With growing insistence, appeals were made to municipal councils, to provincial governments, and finally to the federal government. Mr. King expressed unwillingness to pay out federal funds to aid provincial governments controlled (extravagantly, he claimed) by his political opponents. He intimated that such money would more than likely be used to grease political machinery destined to be directed against his own party. Furthermore, he minimized the extent of the depression, hoping that it would soon disappear under the magic influence of his party's political program.

In the meantime the Conservatives had acquired a new leader—Mr. R. B. Bennett, an aggressive, self-confident millionaire corporation lawyer. Encouraged by the prospect of office, the Conservatives ranged the countryside, severely condemning the Liberals for their failure to deal adequately with unemployment. Mr. Bennett solemnly promised, if elected to office, to end unemployment. The Liberals, driven into the illogical position of minimizing the gravity of a situation daily becoming more menacing, were at a serious disadvantage. As a result of the general elections held in September, 1930, the Liberals went out and Mr. Bennett went in.

The new premier immediately called an emergency session of parliament and provided $20 million for relief. But there was to be no dole! The money was to be spent mostly on various public works. This, however, was but a temporary expedient. Mr. Bennett is a believer in the political creed which was enunciated a generation ago by Joseph Chamberlain, and of which Lord Beaverbrook is today perhaps the outstanding exponent—an economically self-contained empire surrounded by lofty tariff walls. He rushed off to London to offer the British government certain preferences in the Canadian market in return for their abandonment of the traditional British free-trade policy and the imposition of tariffs against foreign countries in order to provide a protected market for Canadian products. The Labor government of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald refused to entertain the idea. But what Mr. Macdonald's Labor government would not accept in 1930, Mr. Macdonald's Tory government of 1932 was more willing to consider.

Mr. Bennett has his empire treaties, but since he became premier the unemployed have steadily increased until those on direct public relief now number over 800,000. This is a terrible percentage of a population of 10 millions. Trade is stagnant, revenues are falling, municipal and provincial authorities are almost at the end of their resources, and the federal government is faced with ever growing deficits. Public works, as a relief measure, have been discontinued; the dole, once scorned, is frankly resorted to.

Intelligent people do not entirely blame Mr. Bennett for all these woes, but they cannot forget that in 1930 he fervently promised to "end unemployment." Mr. King and his followers, as a result, see the promise of a speedy return to power in the present conditions, although the program they offer is quite as inadequate as Mr. Bennett's. The old slogans no longer have power to stir a people disillusioned by four years of depression. The C.C.F., on the other hand, is proclaiming a new deal, including monetary reform as perhaps the most important immediate proposal in a program generally confined to broad principles. At recent prices, a farmer had to pay the equivalent of three bushels of wheat to discharge a debt contracted on the basis of dollar wheat, and other primary producers were at the same disadvantage. Another immediate measure is adequate machinery to deal with unemployment and relief.

The leader of the new movement is J. S. Woodsworth, M.P. A social worker and for twenty-two years a Methodist minister, he resigned from the church during the War because he could not reconcile its stand on the War with its professed beliefs, and took a job as a longshoreman in Vancouver. In 1919 he edited the "Strike Bulletin" in the Winnipeg general strike, and as a result was indicted for sedition. The charge was withdrawn, however, when it was discovered that the alleged seditious utterances were literal quotations from Isaiah. Two years later he was in parliament, as a Labor member representing a Winnipeg constituency, a seat which he has continued to hold. Heretofore Labor has played a small part in Canadian politics, and for the greater part of the past twelve years Mr. Woodsworth has had only one Labor colleague in the House, as compared with three at the present time. The Labor members, however, have worked closely with the dozen or so other independents—mostly western agrarians—and the two groups have now coalesced to form the nucleus of the C.C.F.

According to law, an election need not be held till 1935, but it is unlikely that Mr. Bennett will defer the conflict so long—more probably an election will be held in 1934, perhaps even in 1933. In considering the possibilities of the C.C.F., it is perhaps inevitable that comparisons should be made with the performance of the Socialist party in the United States at the recent election. The similarities, however, are superficial: in the first place, the membership of the C.C.F. is on a much broader basis than that of the Socialist party in the United States. Also the American voters were offered as an alternative to Mr. Hoover a popular leader at the head of a party which had been out of office for twelve years, while only two years have passed since the Canadian electorate discarded the Liberals because of their failure. It is quite possible that one of the old parties will constitute the largest group in the next parliament, but regardless of which gains nominal control, it is more than likely that the C.C.F. will be found to hold the balance of power.

D. M. LeBourdais.

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The Sleepwalkers

THERE have been gladiatorial games, Christians thrown to the lions and bull fights that combined skill and brute force, but in America the conflict the public most lusts after is the dramatization of the endurance of one small human pitted against time or space, of a lone democratic man holding out, not by skill, but by endurance, against the enormous odds of climate, the elements, or simply boredom. Is it because endurance is a virtue that is nationally needed? Why is it to be preferred rather than the swift feat of skill or the dramatic gesture of the moment?

First there were the dance marathons and now there are the Walkathons, which differ very slightly and which are largely expedients to escape the law. In Minneapolis recently from ten to twelve thousand people jammed the auditorium every night for months to watch one of these spectacles of the dramatically inane. Possibly a dozen Walkathons with similar attendance have been held lately in large American cities. The charge at Minneapolis was forty cents, with ringside seats reserved at seventy; the patrons were shop girls, working people and, at the end, just about everybody.

This Walkathon started with the walkers resting fifteen minutes out of every hour and ended with eight-minute periods of rest and various sprints of four and five hours without time off the floor, which wore down the resistance of the contestants, who by that time had been on the floor two months—several thousand hours of continuous walking. It was finally closed down by the mayor, with two couples and one solo dancer left on the floor to divide the paltry prize of one thousand dollars.

In the brightly lighted, nightmarish arena, around which the twelve thousand seats rear and seem to be alive with the roaring crowd, the couples circle day and night, day in and day out, doggedly fighting sleep. At one end, on a raised stage, is the Negro orchestra. The timekeeper sits above the arena on a small platform, holding a siren that is operated when the walkers go on and off the floor. In front of the orchestra are the mikes into which the masters of ceremony talk to the radio audience and overhead hang the great amplifiers that send every sound blaring around the packed seats.

The masters of ceremony are old minstrel men, medicine men, circus clowns out of a job, racketeers of the old school keeping up with the modern trend. They play adroitly on the crowd. Their repartee is mostly spontaneous and ranges from clowning to old-fashioned sob stuff. They stand over the fainting couples and lead the applause like band leaders—"Come on folks, give them a hand, show them you're behind them in this hour when they need you. They need you now, folks. Come on—" Then they lead the crowd in a kind of rhythmic ritual of applause which goes, clap—clap—clap—SCREAM—clap—clap—clap—SCREAM.

The mob's excitement, feeding on the tiny bedraggled figures in the arena, is something that at first makes one very sick. Its abandon is awful and shameless. Perhaps this is why ten thousand people go night after night off the streets out of their lonely rooms, to be welded again into a savage mass with their fellows, even if it is only to scream about whether or not Number 34 is going to keep off his knees. But for a great deal of the time there is no climax, for hours the audience sits silent, engrossed, leaning forward watching the slow revolutions of the men and women to the music of the blaring Negro band, the couples milling around, half-dead from fatigue, the great horns blaring out the inane announcements of the lean clowns. Perhaps, if it gets too dull, one of the contestants is asked to sing, the tired, miserable, raucous voice magnified to a dull, dreary squawk.

The audience waits for the end of the hour, when the contestants are half-asleep, with their muscles automatically keeping them going. Each spectator has his favorite couple and roots for them. The trainers come on the floor, sometimes tying the wrists of the couples together so they can hold each other up. Sometimes the contestants waken and strike each other or fight the trainer. The announcers shout out the passing minutes: "One minute left. Watch it. Watch it." Then the bell rings, the siren weeps and the contestants stagger from the floor or, if they are fast asleep, are carried off by the trainers.

The faces seen from the ringside are both beautiful and hideous. All the contestants are young and in sleep their large adolescent faces look abandoned and stupefied. A boy's head hangs over the shoulder of his becurled and powdered, brightly rouged and glazed-eyed wench, his full lips hanging open, his face given over to sleep, while ten thousand people look on and laugh. There is something curiously sexual and highly colored about the spectacle, a kind of gross romanticism. This sleep looks like love, or rather like love burlesqued, clowned, exaggerated. A boy tries to keep his partner awake, holding, cajoling, even caressing her. Sometimes he has to hold her up completely for hours because she is dead on her feet. Or a girl holds up a man by acting as a prop to sustain his heavy lifeless body. In the rest periods they lie exhausted in each other's arms in the full glare of several million candle power, stared at by ten thousand people who lean down to feed upon their misery.

Some of the audience weep when the announcers ballyhoo the sad news that so and so is disqualified. This is done for every contestant who drops out, but each time it seems terribly tragic and moving to the audience, although the speech is set and the

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act goes on about the same. Soft music is played, and the losing walker, dramatically wrapped in a blanket or towel, mounts the platform with a doctor and a nurse. Sometimes he or she weeps—no one can tell whether the tears are real or feigned—and the announcer cajoles the audience in a slow, quavering voice:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm not going to say an awful lot. It's going to hurt you. It hurts us. It hurts them. It hurts you but we have to do our duty. We know the hopes and desires and tribulations of these boys and girls, why they come into this contest and now they fall by the wayside. We all do our best. We try. We give our all and fate takes a hand. He's given his best and now he's fallen by the wayside. He was here singing and playing, making you forget your troubles and now he's not with us any more. Send him away happy, folks. You can help him. He doesn't know I'm going to say this, folks, but I'm going to say it. He has a family, a wife and two kiddies. He went into this with fatherly love in his heart. Let him know you appreciate it, folks. You don't have to do it but if you want to help him I know he'll appreciate it—gosh, you're marvelous, folks—so if you care to throw a nickel or a dime, whatever you care to, folks, show you appreciation of a boy who gave his all."

While the orchestra plays "Goodbye, Old Pal" and a weepy tenor sings, the nickels and quarters shower into the arena.

Could any nationality except the American sit hour after hour, day after day, watching sick and weary people mill round and round, watching the symbolic dramatization of their own torture of boredom? A bull fight, with its excitement, its grace and daring culminating in the drawing of blood—the momentary rise above the commonplace—would be no enjoyment for this audience. But they know the nightmare they are watching in all its aspects; they know the suffering of boredom and inertia; they see nothing foreign in the absurdity of a walking individual, dead asleep, being watched by ten thousand people and not knowing it.

They recognize the struggle against an unseen, intangible antagonist, a psychological enemy; it has its parallels in their daily life. And the scene gives one a sensation of watching a prolonged calamity, drawn out like an accident, or a moment of crisis that lasts for months. It is startling to realize that the attitudes of the contestants, as they drift wearily over the floor, always keeping on the move, are the attitudes so commonly seen in towns and villages, the normal postures of figures lounging before grocery stores, post offices and poolrooms, a kind of concentration of the American spirit, expressing boredom interrupted by shiftless buffoonery. The complete dislocation of the young on American streets is repeated in the arena, but so intensely as to suggest some of the scenes in Dante, since the young bodies aimlessly walking seem so dead, so senseless and so lost. Inanity dramatized to this level is almost art, and the spectacle is classic in its way, an epic of fatigue and boredom.

As the spectators stroll through the halls, milling past each other and staring at each other sightlessly, you see the same gestures and the same glazed expressions of fatigue and indifference that you see under the glaring lights of the arena. Their curious listless wandering is only a shade more animated than that of the walkers in their tortured sleep.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR.

Washington Notes

Writing History on the Run—Veterans and Postmasters—Republican Shadow-Boxing—Beer and Repeal

ONE INTERESTING thing about Washington these days is the number of alleged literary gentlemen who are being pressed by New York publishers to write books about the "New Deal." Several of the more important members of the "corps of correspondents" have received urgent invitations to embark upon such enterprises. So, too, have some of the more prominent professors connected with the administration and at least one of the group of non-office-holding intellectuals who have been lending advice, counsel and support. The idea is that these books should be marketed about March of next year, and the desire upon the part of the publishers indicates two things. One is, I think, an appreciation of the dramatic quality of the administration program and the tremendous changes it has wrought in our form of government as well as the new direction it has given the nation. The other is a realization of the enormous popular interest in the new program and the extraordinary extent to which the people are behind it.

I know at least two scribes who are at work now upon such books, but I also know of several who have declined to make the attempt for what appear to be fairly sound reasons. These center principally around the belief that the chances are very strong that any history of the New Deal written in 1933 will look foolish after the developments of the next twelve months. No one can foresee what these developments will be, but there are so many possibilities that almost any man can grasp the difficulties of writing a volume desired to have historical value unless it is confined to a mere narrative of what has already been done—and even then there can be no assurance as to the stability of any statement made. Quite obviously, it seems to me, no real history of the New Era or New Deal, or whatever name you choose to call it, can be written until after the next session of Congress. For instance, how can one write intelligently of the new Glass-Steagall Banking Law, when it is conceded that the administration proposes to scrap that law in the next session, enacting in its stead a vastly more comprehensive and materially different act?

The same thing is true of the new railroad act, conceded to be an expediency measure and in no way representing the administration's full conception of what a transporta-

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tion act should be. That there will be modifications or extensions of both Industrial Recovery and Farm Relief Acts is apparent even at this time, but no man can forecast their character. Too much depends upon the results of the operation of these two far-flung experiments in the next six months. Even in smaller matters, there is no firm ground for the would-be historian at this time. For instance, how can a man write authoritatively concerning the recent executive order placing some 15,000 postmasters of the first, second and third classes under the Civil Service? Here we have the voluble and vigorous Senator McKellar of Tennessee emphatically asserting that the order is an outrage and that Congress will never permit it to stand. It is also a fact that a very large number of Democratic Senators and members of the House in their hearts echo McKellar's sentiments. How can one write today that the budget has been balanced through economies principally derived from pruning $350 million from the veteran-compensation load until one knows whether or not that saving will withstand the assault of the veterans' lobby in the next session and the desire of the individual congressman to placate the veteran vote in his district?

It would be easy to cite other matters so clearly hanging in the balance that any conscientious historian would be nervous about writing of them as accomplished facts this year. The plain truth is that what has happened to us as a result of the legislation of the last session is too new to permit of proper analysis or accurate forecast until it has been tried out. The train has started and we are on a new track. It will be several months before we begin to make real speed.

If there have been no derailments of the cars, no smash-ups and no dislocations, the administration control will be stronger than ever and Congress will follow meekly where Roosevelt leads because the country will be behind him even more unitedly than it is now. On the other hand, there is always the possibility of mismanagement, miscalculations and bad luck, which mean loss of presidential prestige. In that event, the President might have on his hands a recalcitrant Congress, which would devote its energies to undoing the work he has done and slowing the whole business down. It is the devout hope of all good citizens that such will not be the case, but the future is too full of uncertainties for anyone to be sure, no matter how firm his conviction of the essential soundness of the program or the correctness of the direction. At any rate, it seems a formidable task to do any historical writing about it these days.

The only more futile thing of which I can think is the solemn planning for the 1934 campaign of the leaders of the regular Republican party. Within the last week or so they have been holding "conferences" in Chicago and New York, and there have been some supposedly secret meetings in the office building here in Washington which has become more or less of a Republican center, hiving such worthies as the Honorable Pat Hurley, C. Bascom Slemp, Larry Ritchie, Charlie Curtis and others of a bygone day, who have offices therein. Without an issue, without a thought, without a plan, without a chance, it does appear that the acme of absurdity has been reached in these "conferences." To make the thing even more ridiculous, if possible, serious stories have been printed recently of the "warfare" between Charles Hilles and Ogden Mills. In the name of Heaven, what have they got worth going to war about?

In Washington now and for weeks to come every interest will be centered upon the three great features of the administration program—public works, industrial regimentation and farm relief. It is fascinating to watch the construction of these three great machines and mark the way in which they begin to operate. Upon the success with which they are managed hinges so much that it is impossible not to experience a thrill as the wheels start revolving.

So far as things have gone to date, even the critics of the administration concede that no important managerial mistake has been made, and there is back of the program that solid public sentiment without which success is impossible. That the people want this thing tried, there is not the shadow of a doubt. The temper of the people has also been changed by two popular measures: the legalizing of beer, and—potentially—repeal, which now seems assured before December and which will have an even greater effect. Both were bound to come anyway, but the credit will be given to Mr. Roosevelt and will help his whole program by maintaining his prestige and popularity. Incidentally, without the revenue it is doubtful whether the New Deal could have been financed. Certainly it could not have been without back-breaking taxes.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Repeating the Crash—Pools of Fire Water —Stocks Rise from the Dead —Suckers Preferred

WELL, well, well! We've had another stock-market crash.

When poor Hoover was president, his stock crashes began in the September after his inauguration. And now comes the first crash in the Roosevelt boom—two months ahead of Hoover's record.

And what has become of all those valuable and expensive lessons that we learned under Professor Hoover? I have been assured a score of times that things were going to be different and that the American people would never again stand for the wild orgies of speculation we saw during the Great Boom. And now, before we are yet out of the woods, with all the hard penalties of our old wickedness still shackling our limbs, we have a burst of speculation as violent as anything we have ever experienced. A glance at a few amazing features of this episode will, I am sure, surprise the reader.

First of all, the week ending July 15 saw a turnover of 30 million shares, a bigger week than any in 1929 except those crazy ones when liquidation set in. Last week was even greater. But this is not the most important part of the story. The pools that have been rigging the market are the most important. The Senate Committee should be convened immediately to haul before it the men who have been rigging the market on Commercial Solvents, National Distillers' Products, Standard Brands, United States In-

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dustrial Alcohol, Great Western Sugar and several others. If the Committee does not act, the President or the Treasury or the Department of Commerce or somebody armed with the necessary inquisitorial powers should do so. An inquiry will reveal operations of maurauding bull syndicates as bad as anything that has ever been known in Wall Street. Let me give you a few samples.

Commercial Solvents sold down in 1932 as low as 3½. This year it recovered to 9. By May 6 the price had gone up to 16½. Around that time—or perhaps before—somebody got busy on that stock. All through May and June someone was accumulating Commercial Solvents. The gang was apparently ready for the killing when July rolled around. This corporation has outstanding 2,530,000 shares of common stock. In those nineteen days of July preceding the decline, *practically the entire issue was sold—the turnover being 2,402,800 shares.* The price was run up from 16½ to 57¼. The stock was unloaded apparently at from 57¼ down to 36. One of the most astonishing things about it is that the price was driven up to within a few points of the high of 1929—believe it or not. Which, it seems to me, amply justifies a query as to who is loony now.

But this is not the worst case. The United States Industrial Alcohol pool has been more audacious. That pool pushed the price up from 26 to 94, around which point it was unloaded on the eternal sucker. But mark these figures. This corporation has outstanding 373,846 shares. Since May 27 that issue was turned over three times. The sales were 1,166,100 shares. That stock, driven up to $94 a share, is carried on the corporation's books at $1 a share and the equity value is, on the rosiest estimate, around $23 a share.

But this is mild. Here is a far worse case. National Distillers' Products has outstanding 275,915 shares. Last May the price stood around 29. At that time, or perhaps later, the boys got busy. The papers were full of ballyhoo. The suckers were gathering around. The money left in their pants was loosening up. In the next nine weeks, from May 27, the operators sold the entire issue of that stock five weeks out of nine. The shares sold in those nine weeks were 2,068,800, or *eight times the total number of shares of the corporation.* They pushed the stock up to 124¾. From July 17 to July 21 that stock went down 60 points.

And here is a rich one. Surely you remember Standard Brands, which was put out by the Morgans and which came in for so much attention before the Senate Committee recently. Of course that stock is not so easy to manipulate. There are 12,654,166 shares. But in the last nine weeks some 4 million shares of that changed hands. Every day for three days sales exceeded 400,000 shares a day. But the choice morsel in the dish is this: In 1929, when the market was mad, the Morgans put this stock out at 32. Only recently some of the partners shyly confessed that they were then, like the rest of the simpler souls, under the dominion of the mad spirits. One got the feeling that with the wisdom that has come since and the vast disillusionment, they would not do such a thing again. But they are wrong. The ever blooming sucker abideth with us forever. However, to resume our testimony, when they issued this stock at 32 to a bunch of preferred participants, it was quite promptly listed on the Exchange and sold for 40. Of course, after the crash it sank with all other mortal stocks to where it belonged—around 8. This price, low as it seems, was really four times the figure at which the stock is carried by the corporation as a liability. However, under the pounding of the riggers of Wall Street these last few months that stock was driven up to within a few points of the crazy price of 1929 and *actually five points higher than that at which it was issued by the Morgans.*

And now comes Senator Thomas with an angry wire to the Stock Exchange demanding action. And what action does the Senator want? He wants the stock exchange to make and enforce a rule prohibiting the price of shares from sinking more than a few points in any one day. In other words, he demands that when the buccaneers push a stock up to some crazy height that the Stock Exchange shall take measures *to keep it there,* whether it is a crazy price or not. Having guaranteed bank deposits, our next step, I assume, will be to guarantee stock-market profits. Why not?

At least everything looks rosy for the boys down in the old street. For months now they have been singing the "touching" refrain—Sucker Come Back to Me! And the suckers have answered.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Punk in the Avenue Gabriel

IN THE absence of much adult conversation and a scant correspondence, E—— reads. Articles, newspaper columns, reviews, furnish her a substitute. (There is material in this theme for a cheap little piece, if anyone wants it.) E—— is not a simpleton. She has a college degree. She is of good stock, though not too good to accept as the definition of "American" in architecture that quality expressive of something you do rather than of what you are when you do it. E—— is not stupid, but the difference here is that in a conversation or a letter she would size up the friend or acquaintance that proffered it, whereas reading articles she succumbs to the magic of print. "I'm sorry," E—— says to me, "that our Embassy in Paris is so bad." "Ah," I say, "what makes you think that?" She has read it in The New York Times, on the art page; the article was written from Paris by Ruth Green Harris; E—— does not know who this is, nor who was the Embassy architect. The critical article does not mention the architect. She brings her copy and we read it over together.

I have not seen the new American building in Paris, which is a good thing; I might get off into a discussion of it. I do not know of the critic writing in The Times, which is a good thing; if I knew of her as a distinguished architect, painter or critic I might read into her article things not in it. I am thus left free to my subject: which is a temporary concern about my dear E—— and a permanent concern over what goes down among us as art criticism. Three facts remain: first, the architects are Delano and Aldrich, one of the most distinguished firms in America and the authors of buildings in diverse countries of Europe; second, Paris has for some time laid claims to be the world's art center, and an American building of such importance there has unique elements of interest; third,

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the architects are Beaux Arts men, with a sustained French connection, and might be supposed to be as close to the Paris problem as any architects in America. The Times report falls into two parts. For something like a third of the essay the writer explains the critical method to be used. "Once," we learn, "Will Dyson did a brilliant piece about art critics." "I have no wish," he wrote in The New English Weekly, "to speak of Peter Arno's show in terms of art criticism, or at least in those of the professional art critics. Artists seldom speak of art or artists in that language. Nor do they speak of art critics in language warm with the glow of human sympathy. . . . Verbally, plastic artists have few subtleties of expression. . . . The artist is modestly content to say 'damn good,' 'not so bad,' 'pretty punk,' or 'rotten,' or, in a burst of garrulity, 'beautifully painted, those hands.' "

We begin to see what the method with the Embassy is going to be. I myself have written five or six reviews of painting exhibitions. I have read in my life perhaps four or five criticisms of exhibitions. This is, accordingly, not a sore point with me. As to most art critics, I have only to say they are punished by the journalistic system under which they work, by the fact that they have no relation either to painting or esthetics, but are merely holding down a job, and by the fact that they have to look at so much rubbish. As to readers of most art criticism, they deserve what they get for reading it. But as for this theory of the "damn good," "pretty punk" method of criticism, it goes back, democratically, to the thesis that one man's opinion is as good as another and, esthetically, to the thesis of no standards, only impression, et cetera. I do not insist here either for or against these theses but go straight to the point, which is that as sheer plain fact Mr. Dyson on artists is half bosh. Obviously the painter's medium is painting, and he may have few critical words in his mouth; obviously one painter will in this regard differ from another. But it is a fact that very often if you have brains enough to listen or he thinks you have brains enough to make it worthwhile trying to tell you, nobody can express such excellent criticism on some picture as can a painter. The best things I ever heard about many a picture I heard said by Maurice Sterne, with great subtlety, penetration and articulate detail. Van Gogh in the letters makes penetrating judgments on diverse pictures. When Titian, looking at a Dürer Madonna, said that if he had been an Italian he would have been a great painter, he left free all Dürer's virtues and revealed precisely the defects or limitations. And for that matter, it is not even true that every painter, however unexpressive, is driven to the boyish reticence of the "damn good," "pretty punk" vocabulary. Critics who are confined to those terms should try painting.

Taking this critical theory at another angle, it should be obvious that if Tintoretto on seeing a Patinir should spit on the ground, the whole point would lie in the fact that the man who spit was Tintoretto. Velasquez' simple remark about not admiring Raphael counts because Velasquez made it. When Michelangelo called the church of San Salvatore his little sweetheart, the point of critical import is Michelangelo, not a burst of archness. The significance and the physiology of a reaction to art are two very different things; and those whom we do not yet know as Michelangelos must, alas, be more explicit than "pretty punk" or "good."

Coming then to the criticism of the American Government Office Building in the Avenue Gabriel: "In the simple, straightforward terms of the artist"—which terms, after an approach of such nonsense, will not, I fear, strengthen my confidence—"it's rotten. All our American feelings are hurt. We would have loved to have said, 'Damn good, that building, beautifully designed that façade.' " The façade, it seems, is conditioned by the city of Paris; it must balance the Hotel Rothschild opposite; which it does, but "looks commoner" by being white and new, and cheap by being a copy, "the detail is vulgar."

But why "vulgar"? Why not "punk" or "damn punk"? The writer has established her use, if not her conception, of these.

The interior detail, the general consular room, the passport hall, the naval and military third floor, are next judged. I find myself less interested, however, in the judgments than in the way they rest on their bases. In every instance they depend on the slogans scattered everywhere in our architectural talk nowadays; and, through the mere force of that usage, the argument for or against the building might easily seem convincing, though the mere combination of familiar slogan and particular instance proves nothing of course. The interior details are "pretty punk," without much—what?—why, sense of the material for which they were first designed or of the space or purpose they were intended to fill! The offices could have been, instead of wood and plaster painted, what?—"clean and efficient and American." The general consular room is uncomfortable, yes, and the pillars—I should think now that would come under "function"?—are not needed to hold up the ceiling, so the writer is told by an engineer (Not socially but efficiently, who?). In this room the walls, ceiling and pillars are faced with green tiles. "Perhaps only to an American do these tiles suggest those of a bathroom." This, I take it, is not meant for a compliment, though one might think the scheme pleasing to Americans whose chief boast traveling in Europe is our bathrooms. The tiled space may fare better, however, with Europeans, whose sanitary limitations do not prevent tiles reminding them of the *azuleios* in Lisbon, the Sicilian tiles, the Spanish-Arabic and so on. But that is being traditional. What between the two streams, of hot water at home and culture abroad, Messrs. Delano and Aldrich were put to it, *non*?

But the passport hall is "damn good." "Its fine open countenance would inspire trust in any business transacted there"—if you are not landed at Ellis Island—but the principle seems fair. And in the skylight it "takes advantage of good American mechanics" to "draw every facet of light" —I know climates where Americans put on efficient green goggles and find about one-tenth of the facets of light quite enough—but the principle sounds familiar.

The third floor with its "slanting rafters" and "old fireplaces" is "romantic architecture." We know what that is, just as we know that what was once taken for cramps was appendicitis. "It is here that the American of taste would want to do business—resentfully. . . . It is embarrassing that any detail of a twentieth-century American government building should be dependent for quality on indifference and eighteenth-century charm." My response here is, after reading the criticism so far, that I should want to see for myself. For that matter, there are many qualities in archi-

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tecture which this article neither says the building has or has not. Some of these qualities have been thought important.

And so E—— now knows about the American Government Office Building in the Avenue Gabriel, by an American firm of architects internationally recognized. The way is clear for her to read the criticism of something else tomorrow. And she is not a fool, and this sort of criticism satisfies the needs of thousands of our countrymen. I myself, even, am sorry the façade could not have been such that Miss Harris's Americans passing by could have said "Damn good." The cerebral qualities of that analysis and reaction to a work of art would have interested the adult French mind.

And yet, someone may say, is it not better that E—— has at least heard of our Paris Embassy? No, it is a pity she has. Sometimes I think it is a pity that E—— can read.

STARK YOUNG.

This Is America

THERE is an unfailing fascination for most people in recalling recent historical events in which they participated, even if only as observers. It was this which made a best-seller of Frederick Lewis Allen's book, "Only Yesterday," and brought substantial sales to several subsequent and similar works. Now the same interest has been transferred to the motion-picture screen: indeed, a cycle of such pictures may be in prospect, judging by the news from Hollywood that Mr. Allen's book is to be filmed. In the meantime we have "This Is America," a film of the past fifteen years produced by Frederick Ullman, Jr., and edited and written by Gilbert Seldes, critic and author, and a contributing editor of The New Republic.

Mr. Seldes has assembled from 500,000 feet of newsreel film, mostly taken since the close of the War, an invariably interesting and sometimes stirring story of America, culminating in the idea that we are now entering upon something of a new era in which courageous activity will find a great opportunity. Like Mr. Allen, he has been shrewd enough to realize that popular manias are an important part of the story, and he has included flagpole sitting, Marathon dances, Tom Thumb golf and many other similar things. He has not hesitated to use some scenes showing brutal oppression by authority—police slugging radical paraders and rent strikers, the horrible cruelty exhibited toward the first bonus army, and the like. Some of these scenes, I should judge, had been suppressed by the motion-picture theatres when first taken; an assiduous student of the newsreels, I had never seen them before. Some of them have an irony today they did not possess when first shown—as, for instance, exultant prohibitionists helping the police destroy confiscated liquor ten or twelve years ago. (One shot is of Roger Babson, early in 1931, announcing the end of the depression; in another New York theatre, on the night that "This Is America" opened, Mr. Babson was shown in a precisely similar speech announcing the end of the depression as of June, 1933.) On the whole, this is an honest and valuable picture, well worth a visit from anyone who is interested in the extraordinary times in which we live.

B. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Relative Normality

SIR: Charles A. Beard's questionnaire in investigation of normality, as outlined in his letter [The New Republic, June 28] strikes no new note for him and is at one with that naïve wishful thinking of the concluding paragraphs of "The Rise of American Civilization" that so evoked the ironic comment of Mr. Edmund Wilson.

That economic normality is relative may be a new discovery to Mr. Beard, but it has been known to economic science for quite a while, certainly since 1850. However, relativity does not affect the fact that the "ten horse power in electricity" he rapturously envisages will in all likelihood be unemployed because creditor nations refuse to act as creditors should and to permit their debtors to pay them.

One would think that the glorifiers of the engineer would sit silent and take counsel with themselves after viewing a world more or less wrecked as a result of failure to heed economists. One would think that a historian would at least this once refuse to reveal that customary impotence in the face of facts.

Forest Grove, Pa. ROBERT ROCKAFELLOW.

SIR: Mr. Rockafellow's definition of "natural" and "normal" as applied to trade by the recoverers and restorers is so lucid that all readers of The New Republic must be grateful to him. It is only to be regretted that such a beautiful thinker in "economic science" has devoted so many words to me and so few to my questions.

New Milford, Conn. CHARLES A. BEARD.

He Didn't Speak English

SIR: In The New Republic of July 19 I find a letter entitled "Shaking Hands with Dr. Ley." I am surprised that anything has been published on a small incident like that, but perhaps Dr. Ley has made a great deal of it.

The facts are that Mr. Frayne, the Official Observer from the American Federation of Labor, was escorted to the first committee meeting of the workers by the British delegation, and was introduced and shook hands with many of the delegates. A little later he had ocasion to leave the room to go out into the hall and he said that someone sitting near the door jumped up and shook his hand. He did not know who he was, but later found out it was Dr. Ley. That was all there was to that incident. Dr. Ley did not talk English and Mr. Frayne speaks no other language, so there could be no conversation between them. I hope you will inform Carl Bush in regard to this.

MARY ANDERSON,
Director, Women's Bureau,
Washington, D. C. U. S. Department of Labor.

Japanese as Immigrants

SIR: In the July 19 issue of The New Republic, two editorial paragraphs make reference to "the Japanese Exclusion Act." The wording of the first might permit the responsibility to be shifted to Mr. Roy Howard, but in the second it falls squarely upon the editors, as the statement is made that "The New Republic has often advocated . . . the repeal of the Exclusion Act."

The subject is so important, and so shrouded in confusion of long standing, that I may be justified in calling your attention to the fact that there is no Japanese Exclusion Act. The legislative provision to which you doubtless refer is a clause in the general immigration law, which forbids admission as immigrants to all aliens ineligible to citizenship. No mention is made of the Japanese specifically. They are simply included, as they should be, anthropologically, among the non-white and non-African races.

There was and is no discrimination against the Japanese in our immigration legislation. The reason there seems to be is that, previous to the passage of this law, the Japanese, alone of all nations, had been permitted, by the extra-legal "Gentlemen's Agreement," to exercise some control over emigration from their

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country to ours. In other words, the Japanese enjoyed a special distinction not shared by any other people—yellow, black, brown or white. They were exempted from provisions that applied to practically all other Mongolian and Malay peoples.

Naturally, the Japanese deplored the withdrawal of these special privileges and, abetted by many well meaning but misguided Americans, threw out a tremendous smoke-screen of "discrimination," "exclusion," "insult," "offense," etc. I will not enter into an account of all the bad diplomacy and general wild talk that characterized this episode and made the consequences immeasurably worse than they might have been. Nor will I ask you what you would put in the place of this clause, not "Act," if it were repealed. (A great deal might be said on this point.) But the sooner, and the more widely, the truth about this affair is understood, the quicker will the old sore be healed, and the better will it be for international relations in general.

New York City. HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

[The editors are aware that the exclusion of the Japanese was accomplished as part of the general Immigration Act; the reference to the "Japanese Exclusion Act" was a perhaps unjustified attempt to combine brevity with clarity. As for Professor Fairchild's general point, it seems to us legalistic and therefore unreal in the face of a serious international situation. The "Gentlemen's Agreement" kept the Japanese out, but saved their faces. The present law still keeps them out, but has caused them profound and lasting humiliation. We see no reason which should appeal to such a friend of international amity as Professor Fairchild, why the agreement should not be restored.—THE EDITORS.]

Socialist Lawyers

SIR: Unwilling to accept the prevailing notion that the sole function of the lawyer is the defense of property rights, and impressed with the need for the socialization of legal thought and legal functions, a group of attorneys have organized the Socialist Lawyers' Association.

Among the contemplated functions of this organization are the defense of civil liberties, research in legal-social problems, support of labor legislation and labor organization and in general the furtherance of the Socialist cause through the professional abilities of its members.

The Socialist Lawyers' Association offers its counsel and assistance to sympathetic groups and urges all attorneys who are interested to communicate with me at 43 Exchange Place, New York City.

New York City. WILL MASLOW.

Extracts from Letters

MR. HENRY M. CHANNING, of Channing, Corneau and Frothingham, Boston, Massachusetts, writes in regard to uniform accounting practices, recently mentioned by The New Republic as necessary in connection with governmental control over prices and wages, the direction of new investment through the sale of securities, and with tax problems. He suggests that the present corporation income-tax forms, which already supply nearly all the information required, be expanded to elicit all the necessary additional facts. "Since blanks for each class of business would be identical, if books were so kept as to enable government field agents readily to verify the returns, adequate and substantially uniform accounting would result. The returns could be made in as many parts (or in such number) as might be required, and distributed accordingly.

"Except for the necessity for an interim return in the event of the offering of a new issue of securities for sale to the public, each corporation would be required to make but one return yearly. . . . Under the plan suggested, the present vogue—one blue set of figures for tax purposes and another, of rosier hue, for perusal by investors—could no longer prevail. Financial information, so obtained, as to corporations whose securities have been or are to be sold to the public, should be analyzed and published in form available for use by banks, savings institutions and investors. Through sale, at prices no greater than those of the standard manuals now in general use, the government should be able to recover the cost. . . . The more enlightening the information to lenders and investors, the greater the flow of capital to such enterprises as serve the public well. And with that greater flow, induced by adequate accounting, should go greatly reduced risk and lower capital return—with correspondingly diminished cost to consumers of our goods and services."

Lucy Kramer, secretary of the Industrial Research Group, 412 Schermerhorn Annex, Columbia University, New York City, thinks our readers may be glad to know of "a group of graduate and undergraduate students at present engaged in sustained independent research on problems of economic reorganization [in accordance with social ideals] and particularly in an investigation of the perishable-food industries, and the preparation of outlines of socialization for these industries. The group can use the volunteer assistance of men and women who are interested in and familiar with the technical and economic aspects of the dairy products, fruit and vegetable and meat-products industries."

Chester C. Greene, Jr., writing from the American Academy in Rome, is dissatisfied with any analysis he has seen of the Hitler revolution in Germany. He thinks that despite the seeming collapse of Social Democracy in Germany, it offers for England and the United States a road which is much preferable to either Fascism or Communism. "The chances for success for a militant and radical Social Democracy may at the moment seem slim, but the more I consider the problem the less hope I see in any other solution."

James Myers writes on behalf of the "Coal Areas Relief" of the American Friends' Service Committee and the Church and Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of Churches, in regard to relief work in the bituminous-coal regions. Mr. Meyers states that conditions there are extremely bad, and additional aid is urgently needed. Checks may be sent to Olive Van Horn, Treasurer, Coal Areas Relief, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Clothing may be sent to the American Friends' Service Committee, 1515 Cherry Street, Philadelphia.

Sterling D. Spero, secretary of the American Committee of the International Relief Association, asks funds for the work of this organization, which is aiding the victims of Fascist terrorism in Germany. The address is Room 376, 11 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Madeline Jaffe, acting secretary, writes to tell us of the organization of the National Alumni Association, "to unite the activity of college graduates in their common interests on a plane free from sectional restrictions." The address is 583 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Joseph J. Cohen, 45 West Seventeenth Street, New York City, tells us that a new social experiment in collectivist living is now being set up on a large scale in the state of Michigan. "The intention is to establish a self-supporting community of 200 families engaged in agriculture and industry."

Mrs. C. N. Edge, of the Emergency Conservation Committee, 734 Lexington Avenue, New York City, says that serious destruction of wild birds and animals of all kinds is following from the activities of the Civilian Conservation Corps, which is "colonizing thousands of men in the forest regions—men who are mostly resident of cities, having no background of forest life." She believes that "all federal and state lands in and about the areas of reforestation operations should be declared temporary sanctuaries for *all* wild life (not merely for game)."

Edward Sokal, Detroit, Michigan, wishes to protest some recent references in The New Republic which he construes as unfriendly to Poland. He regards Poland as a thoroughly civilized and admirable country.

Norman Thomas, New York City, writes of the work of the Workers' Unemployed League, which brings pressure to bear on the city authorities in cases of unjust discrimination. It needs funds, which can be sent to 7 East Fifteenth Street.

Esther Sellers, secretary of the Alliance for Democratic Rights, 34 Park Place, Newark, New Jersey, invites correspondence from persons in that section of the country who might be interested in joining this society. Its purpose is "to study the trends and issues underlying specific evils, both political and industrial, take an active stand on them," etc. While the alliance is not affiliated with any political party or other organization, most of its members are "socialistically orientated."

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Quaker Somewhat Militant

Quaker Militant: John Greenleaf Whittier, by Albert Mordell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 354 pages. $3.50.

WHATEVER else may be said of it, Albert Mordell's new life of Whittier is certainly as odd a piece of biographical writing as is likely to appear for some time. At his best, Mr. Mordell sees things with a sharp and skeptical eye, yet his book is marred by oddities, inconsistencies and crudities of a sort that does not suggest sharpness or skepticism. A trifling detail may hint at more than it proves. In preparing the final chapter, on Whittier as a poet, Mr. Mordell appears to have written to a number of American authors with the query whether they were conscious of Whittier's having influenced them and, if so, to what effect. Among these writers were O'Neill, E. A. Robinson and Jeffers—all of whom responded negatively, and Eugene O'Neill, who was once forced to memorize "Barbara Frietchie" in school, with some violence. There is a certain interest in speculating as to what sort of response Mr. Mordell expected from these writers, and whether the next biographer of O. W. Holmes will address a similar query to Dreiser, MacLeish and Dorothy Parker.

This particular matter is of course a trifle, but what is one to say of the seven chapters in the book which deal, in the most uncompromising way, with poor Whittier's relations with women? A more singular medley of fresh information, melodrama, justifiable plain speaking and Freudian mummery it would be difficult to imagine. What, apparently, are the facts? Whittier was a lifelong celibate who was, however, both susceptible to feminine charm and attractive to women; in his early youth he had at least one serious and unhappy love affair, and in later life he wished to marry a woman who rejected him as a husband; he was devoted to both his mother and sister; during most of his life, and especially after his sister's death, his need of feminine companionship and sympathy led him to maintain affectionate relations with several women, some of whom may have been "in love" with him, but none of whom was encouraged to pass a certain line; his chronic ill health was of a sort that might well have been aggravated by celibacy. Such are the plain facts, and they are psychologically interesting and important: Mr. Mordell is to be thanked for documenting them and speaking of them, for virtually the first time, with ordinary frankness.

Do the plain facts, however, really justify Mr. Mordell in his theatrical treatment of the matter? His language suggests the action of a play by some contemporary Kotzebue. He harries the good Whittier with such phrases as "male coquet" and "philandering celibate." He speaks of Whittier as "deserting" and "abandoning" young maidens whom he had "encouraged" and with whose affections he had been a "trifler." He credits him with the "fascinating powers"—and apparently the heartlessness—of "a Don Juan." As if all this were not sorry enough, the poet must be saddled with "an unconscious over-attachment for his mother," and with this a "sister-complex" is thrown in for good measure. If his poetry fails to express or represent sexual passion, then he was "unconsciously employing a defense mechanism." And so on. The true psychological quality of Whittier's rather bleak emotional history is buried beneath this avalanche of rhetoric and jargon.

When it comes to a literary judgment of the man's poetry, Mr. Mordell is not perfectly consistent. His position seems to be that the best of Whittier, the propagandist verse of protest and invective, has been consciously neglected in favor of the harmless pieces of idyllic reminiscence and of Quaker piety. Yet the finest of the harmless ballads, he says, "are true lyrics, voicing, with almost technical perfection and moving ecstasy, imperishable and important ideas." On the one hand, "he was untrue to life in his art"; on the other, "he is a poet of high order, because he effectively dealt with important themes." In the work of his age, "the old poetic fire burned with a dull glow"; yet the eight volumes of verse that he wrote in his last twenty years give evidence "that an aged poet may wield the magic wand with greater powers of enchantment than he commanded in his youth." Surely there is a little incoherence in these various dicta.

Indeed, what chiefly keeps an interesting book from being really impressive is Mr. Mordell's failure to fuse its necessarily multiform elements—psychological analysis, political history, literary criticism—into a coherent whole, to interpret the man, the politician and the poet in the light of some genuinely unifying principle of understanding. That he is capable of avoiding mere formulas, his treatment of Whittier's politics sufficiently argues. He draws the lines round Whittier's radicalism sharply enough. The passionate Abolitionist was a good Whig on almost every other ground, lukewarm in his attitude toward the evils of New England capitalism, skeptical of the possibility of reducing the fourteen-hour day in the Lowell mills, and persuaded of the benefits to women of their employment in industry. Even as an Abolitionist, Whittier, as Mr. Mordell says, was in the conservative camp—willing, unlike Garrison and Phillips, to engage in political maneuvering, and unwilling to countenance any form or direct action, such as John Brown's. On the questions of capital punishment and the rights of women, Whittier was somewhat in advance of his time; but the range and quality of his radicalism came out in unmistakable contours with the "settlement" of the slavery question by the Civil War. "Having witnessed the triumph of the cause he fought for," says Mr. Mordell, "he settled down to a serene old age." Just how serene and how complacent that old age was—as, for example, in Whittier's refusal to lift his voice for the Chicago anarchists in the eighties—Mr. Mordell demonstrates without squeamishness. The man who began as an admirer of Henry Clay ended as a Republican too faithful even to join the Mugwumps in 1884.

Mr. Mordell, as I say, makes no effort to minimize or explain away the more inglorious side of Whittier's political career, but he fails to find the clue that would integrate these apparent inconsistencies, that would make possible a fair judgment of his poetry, and even include his emotional life within the unity of the picture. I do not mean to suggest that a simple formula will do all this, but surely a *vital* formula it is the biographer's task to discover. Here, as everywhere, it is a question of connecting the man as subtly as possible with the culture of his class, with the social and intellectual life of his age and with the complex play of historic forces. There is a continuity in Whittier's life, and the clue to it lies partly in the morale of that hard-working, individualistic, religiously non-conformist, agrarian middle class from which he sprang. Whittier was a New England Quaker farmer of the early nineteenth century, a Quaker farmer who was also an Abolitionist and a poet, a Quaker farmer who believed in liberty as it had been celebrated by Milton, George Fox and Burns, and who could be outraged by a shockingly immoral form of injustice such as Negro slavery—a form of injustice, too, in which the "rights of man" and the

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integrity of the individual soul were openly (and not merely *in effect*) flouted and contemned. He was also, however, a Quaker farmer who could speak of "that profound political economist, Adam Smith"; who believed that "There is very little of actual suffering which may not be traced to intemperance, idleness and utter lack of economy, wasteful and careless of the future when wages are good"; who could say that "We need the gospel of Poor Richard's almanac sadly" (in 1889); who had a Quakerish distrust of other arts than that of poetry, a Quakerish obtuseness to the intellectual turmoil of his day, a Quakerish fear of "the passions"; who could speak of "Walden" as "very wicked and heathenish," and pity Emerson for his lukewarm interest in immortality, and heave Whitman's offending volume into the fire; who invested his money shrewdly, and was worth at his death, Mr. Mordell says, about $125,000.

Surely this is the Whittier whose "love life" was so abortive and, in other aspects, so touched with mild comedy; and this is the Whittier who wrote both the hot anti-slavery lyrics and the gentle ballads and idyls, both "Clerical Oppressors" and "My Playmate." Is it not clear that the two groups of poems have a common source and, after all, a very comparable appeal to us in the role of posterity? No doubt Mr. Mordell is warranted in claiming more attention for the political poems than the schoolbooks give them: no one who has not read "The Pastoral Letter" or "The Panorama" can appreciate the Quaker farmer's capacity for harshness and indignation. By all means let the most be made of Whittier as a propagandist in verse. But how can it be denied that—like his genuinely charming sentimental pieces—these poems too, for all their vehemence, have a narrow and minor appeal, that they are never lifted to a high level by a genuinely revolutionary philosophy, that a large intellect and a rich temperament are never felt behind them, that the Quaker pietist is too often audible in them along with the agitator, and that their form and language only rarely soar above the plane of partisan verse in the old newspapers? Certainly Whittier is more than merely a poet of delicate sentiment and evangelical faith; but he is not "a poet of a high order," and he is not, alas, a great political, a great radical or prophetic poet. He is the kind of poet—and to say so is to imply no cheap derogation—who could help to found the Free Soil party in one decade and vote for Grant in another.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Henry George

The Philosophy of Henry George, by George R. Geiger. New York: The Macmillan Company. 600 pages. $3.

"THE TRAIL of the serpent is over them all."—The ophidian monster that has left its insidious imprint on practically all of the economic and social philosophies, and reform movements, of the past century and a quarter is that elaborate, impressive and internally logical and consistent system of description, analysis and interpretation known as Classical Economics. However widely various independent and intransigent thinkers have departed from the accepted pattern in their final application of their economic reasoning to the problems of human welfare, practically all of them have built their structures on the foundations laid down by Adam Smith, Ricardo, John Stuart Mill and their colleagues. The outstanding example of this truth is Karl Marx, who, in spite of his iconoclastic and (to the orthodox) abhorrent practical program, was fundamentally a Classical Economist.

This is the essential tragedy of much of the nineteenth-century liberal movement. For the classical system which, even by insurgents, was accepted at the value placed on it by its sponsors as the final and unquestionable exposition of economic theory and truth, is largely an artificial and arbitrary construction, bearing only the remotest relationship to the facts of human social organization, or the essentials of individual human nature. As Mr. Geiger says, "It is a somewhat depressing paradox that facts and values seem so often at odds in economics." The nature of this paradox is now rapidly becoming clear to untrammeled thinkers, thanks to the inescapable lessons of recent years. It is now widely understood that the seeming paradox arises from the fact that the traditional system of economics was built in response to the felt need for an orderly and teachable analysis of economic relations, in a day when very little was known of the fundamental structure and functioning of society, or of individual or social psychology. As a consequence, the system conveys an impression of great authority, until it is set closely and firmly against the background of human realities. Then its phantasies and false assumptions become starkly obvious, while those portions of it that are valid and authentic stand forth in the utility that is justly theirs. This process is going on rapidly at present, and the reformers of today are in a position to formulate programs with an unprecedented assurance of their scientific stability.

Henry George, as the present volume makes very clear, was one of the victims of the nineteenth-century intellectual environment. Intrinsically a thorough liberal, and deprived of all but a very elementary formal education, he was constrained to get his equipment of economic and sociological theory by the reading of the treatises accepted as authoritative in his day, a task which he carried out with great industry and perseverance. He thus built up a thorough grounding in conventional economics. It is true that he by no means accepted all that he read at its face value; his nature was much too critical, even polemic, for that. His writings abound in penetrating and relentless criticisms of current economic doctrines. But these are conceived in the spirit of an orthodox economist, and are not more extreme than the attacks upon each other of numerous writers all of whom feel snugly at home in the classical fold.

His passionate conviction of the inequity of personal wealth derived from the ownership of land, and his emphasis on the taxation of land values as not only the ideal source of government revenue but also the remedy and preventive of the basic evils of contemporary social life, constitute his personal variation on the great classical theme. It can be only a speculation, but a suggestive and poignant one, to wonder how George's vitally liberal outlook, and intense humanitarian interest, would have expressed themselves had they flowered in the highly dynamic and empirical economic atmosphere of the present.

It is easy to trace George's characteristic doctrines to his experience in the pioneer communities of the Far West, where land was so obviously both superabundant and the basic source of social existence and personal enrichment. But it is interesting to note that his realization of the glaring contrast between progress and poverty, and his recognition of this as the fundamental social paradox, came to him on the occasion of his entrance into the great metropolis of New York. Naturally, he was impressed by the principle that increases in land values are the product of the growth and development of society, and hence entirely inappropriate as the basis for personal emolument.

For the details of the development of these principles in George's character and career, one who is interested must

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turn to Mr. Geiger's book itself. Not even a summary can be adequately presented in the compass of a brief review. Here are set forth in order the essential biographical data, the outstanding features of George's economic theory, and the relation of his writings and life to economics, religion and ethics. The resulting portrait is of a personality far more varied, versatile and profound than that envisaged in the mental gallery of the average American. Probably the great majority of persons to whom George's name is familiar, otherwise than on the label of a cigar box, think of him almost exclusively as the rather fanatic advocate of a peculiar scheme of taxation, which still has its adherents, but is of little practical significance. In this volume he appears as a genuine philosopher, whose influence, both specific and general, is far greater than is ordinarily assumed—a man perhaps even more interested in ethics than in economics, but eager to establish a logical connection between them, profoundly religious, though extremely critical of the established institutions of the church, and, above all, consumed with zeal for the promotion of human welfare and the elimination of social evils which he regarded as intrinsically the creation of the social environment, certainly not due to the nature of the universe or to divine fiat. Such as he are crucially needed in this era of rapid and inevitable, but directionally undetermined, social change. HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Anthropology and Fiction

Fiction and the Reading Public, by Q. D. Leavis. London: Chatto and Windus. 348 pages. 12 s. 6 d.

MRS. LEAVIS describes the method of investigation used in her book as "anthropological." If she had approximated this description more closely, her illuminating study of the English best seller from the sixteenth century to today would be somewhat more successful than it is. Not even a third-rate anthropologist, or even a sociologist, would expose his personal bias so freely as she does in exalting the past, bemoaning the present and finally suggesting a program of action calculated to lift the reading public, and hence the novel, to its former level.

Mrs. Leavis accepts the dictum of Henry James that "the deepest quality of a work of art will always be the quality of the mind of the producer," and proceeds to apply this principle according to the formula of Mr. I. A. Richards. Her test of the quality of mind—applied in parallel passages—is necessarily one of manner, of style; and by this test she finds most of the novelists of the eighteenth century superior to their successors. This test applied to writers of the same period, especially the contemporary one, reveals its validity when passages of Mr. E. M. Forster or Mrs. Virginia Woolf are placed beside those from Mr. Warwick Deeping or Mr. Gilbert Frankau. When it is applied to writers of different ages, it fails. In the novel, more than in most forms of literature, other elements than style enter into the picture and reveal the mind of the producer. Mrs. Leavis' assertion of the superiority of Mrs. Aphra Behn to Charlotte Brontë, of Smollett to Scott, becomes thus a mere *ipse dixit*—a mode of criticism as sensational as the devices of the low-brow novelists whom she deplores. Moreover, Mrs. Leavis ignores the fact that the eighteenth-century novelists whom she admires are a few survivors from a herd of fiction writers who showed something of the same pandering to fantasy-building, and a good deal of the same indulgence in clichés of behavior and expression, for which their logical successors are roundly condemned. It would be ungenerous to press farther the disadvantage at which Mrs. Leavis puts herself by her adoption of a scientific term to describe her work; but it is certainly not out of place to observe that the anthropological method observes and records with a maximum of detachment and a minimum of evaluation. In proportion as it presents its material uncolored by individual preconceptions, it succeeds; and the same test applies to the present volume.

Nevertheless, "Fiction and the Reading Public" offers a rich store of interest, not only in its vigorous scrutiny of the novel and the influences which have shaped it, but also in its study of changing attitudes and tempos of life among the general public who read novels. That the novel has reflected and at the same time to an extent directed general attitudes is a truth which has been vaguely assumed, but is here demonstrated with specific reference and documentation based upon wide research, including journalistic as well as literary evidence, a questionnaire directed to authors of contemporary best-selling novels, and even reports of advertising conventions. It may be objected that the intrinsic life of the novel has been ignored in this account; that part of its development must be ascribed to inner evolution. That aspect, however, has been observed much more thoroughly than the other, and it too, though less directly, has been conditioned by environment. In tracing the disintegration of the reading public from a unit of readers able and willing to read actively rather than passively, capable of sustained concentration, instructed by criticism, and seeking from fiction enlightenment and enhancement of life values rather than a substitute for life, to the present stratified groups whose interests diverge utterly and most of whom take their reading as an effortless, day-dreaming opiate; in considering the novel and its druglike propensities both as cause and effect of present-day attitudes; in analyzing and comparing, with whatever degree of partisanship, the elements which characterize and differentiate what she terms the various levels of novel writing and reading; in questioning what we are apt to accept as the "progress" of novelistic technique, Mrs. Leavis has effected an achievement of distinguished quality and high value. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Why Wilson Was Defeated

Woodrow Wilson: The Man Who Lives On, by John K. Winkler. New York: The Vanguard Press. 310 pages. $3.50.

SINCE Mr. Winkler supplies no bibliography and mentions only a few books in the text of this life of Wilson, one can only guess what works he has used and whose writings have influenced him; it is sufficiently clear, however, that little original research has gone into it. There are a few details from the author's rich newspaper memoirs, but that is all. As a result, the portrait of Wilson is the familiar and popular one; there is a good deal about his Calvinism, his unbending habits of mind, his lack of normal sociability, his idealism, his extraordinary ability as a rhetorician, his impulse toward dictatorial powers to achieve liberal ends and, naturally, such human-interest characteristics as his delight in limericks. The conclusion is also familiar and a little flat. Wilson held some inspiring ideas which he clothed in resounding rhetoric, but for various reasons, among them the personal hatreds he inspired, his program came to very little. If he "lives on," it is because he enunciated high ideals and not because he

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wielded his power in any practical way for their realization.

Mr. Winkler rather skimps the reasons for Wilson's defeat. In writing of the War, for example, he notes that the governing class in America during the war period was disposed to favor the Allied cause; he sees the propulsive force of the economic entanglements with the Allies; and he emphasizes fairly well Wilson's perception in advance of the fact that participation in the War made it inevitable that any peace would have to be made in a world dominated by war standards. But he leaves out the critical information, which is, of course, just how and when and why the governing class became involved in the Allied cause. Such a passage in a popular book would be a valuable lesson in practical politics and would clarify the root causes of Wilson's eventual defeat.

Instead, Mr. Winkler emphasizes the essentially "literary" nature of Wilson's education, but again without pointing out its significance. He shows how Wilson became president of Princeton, for instance, by talking resoundingly of the superior virtues of "humanistic" training. Conversely he mentions Wilson's economic illiteracy, particularly when he went to the Governor's chair in New Jersey. The truth is that Woodrow Wilson, like most Americans of his time, was strong in the literary tradition of political liberalism, but hopelessly befuddled economically. He thought to protect the weak and helpless against the strong and merciless by moral appeals. His legislative program was an attempt to impose a series of restrictions aimed to that end, and during the War he followed the same method. He attempted to override economic realities by rhetoric, and he was completely beaten. His economic befuddlement led to his defeat in two ways: in directing our war policy during the period of neutrality it led him to permit the building up of economic entanglements with the Allies, and during the conflict it led him to turn the conduct of the War over to the strong and merciless. When he went to Paris he was defeated by the very forces he had assiduously cultivated in an effort to get there! Even then, after six years of so-called political power, he still believed in the power of moral eloquence to govern the world.

C. Hartley Grattan.

Pudding of Saints

A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers, by Glenway Wescott. New York: Harper and Brothers. 225 pages. $2.50.

ONE WONDERS what purpose Mr. Glenway Wescott expected his new book to serve. In form it is exactly like any of those Roman Catholic "Lives of the Saints" which begin with the first of January and give a short account of the life and works of the saint assigned by the Church to each day of the year. But it is doubtful whether Mr. Wescott's book will be as adequate in confirming unbelievers in their unbelief as are the orthodox "Lives" in strengthening the devout in their faith. In following his models, he has overlooked something very important, and his short-sightedness has made his little collection incoherent and futile.

The Catholic calendars of saints are utilitarian in their aim, and their form has been set by their intention. In theory, at least, the believer reads a life a day, meditates upon it, considers the virtues of the saint and strives to emulate him throughout the day. In this case, the lack of order, chronological or otherwise, is not distressing; Saint Mary of Egypt can rub shoulders with the Venerable Bede; the devotee, having spent a day with the intellectual severity of Thomas Aquinas, will find release in the emotionalism of Saint Francis of Assisi. But in Mr. Wescott's book there is no matter for meditation—save on the question of Mr. Wescott's literary progress—and nothing to stay him from reading it in a sitting. It is a welter of names, legends and facts. Sixteenth century, third century, English, Greek and Italian—the saints are tossed together like the ingredients of a thick and casual pudding. Occasionally one legend or one life adds a little flavor, but it is soon stirred under in the mess of other legends and other lives.

The reason for the fragmentariness of this book lies in the feebleness of the conviction behind it. Its occasional smug, trivial, aphoristic skepticism would have been as irritating to a Robert Ingersoll as to a Father of the Church. An easy questioning of miracles is not enough for a hearty unbeliever, and heartiness of some kind there should have been to vivify this mass of dead facts. And even Mr. Wescott's faint-hearted, modern, debunking-the-old-legends attitude is not consistent. He will give five pages to the little brother of the birds, Saint Francis, and six lines to the magnificent speculative thinker, Saint Thomas Aquinas. He is partial to the emotions and, like the medieval saints themselves, persists in opposing them to the intellect. One feels that a little hard, monastic thinking would have done the author a great deal of good, would have made him attempt to realize the power behind the saints, and the forces in their own characters that made them what they were. A reading of Saint Augustine's "City of God"—which he passes by in a subordinate clause—might have prevented him from comparing Saint Paul to a burning candle, and letting it go at that. In his account of Saint Augustine, Mr. Wescott mentions Cicero's "Hortensius," which taught the saint "to seek wisdom rather than verbal brilliance." It is ironical that the author could let that sentence slip into this unimportant, phrase-making book.

Mary McCarthy.

Book Notes

Crime and Punishment

PRISON DAYS AND NIGHTS, by Victor F. Nelson. *Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 306 pages. $2.75.*

The author of this book began his delinquent career at the age of fourteen, and since then has spent twelve and a half years in correctional institutions. After escaping from the State Prison at Charlestown, Massachusetts, he heard Thomas Mott Osborne lecture, and was induced to surender to the state authorities. He was paroled to Osborne and served for a few weeks as his librarian and may be considered a product of Osborne's reforming genius. It is undeniable that Osborne's methods tended to develop a certain self-consciousness, even a kind of exhibitionism, in his wards, and he was not seldom the dupe of his own enthusiasm. But internal evidence of Mr. Nelson's trustworthiness is his skepticism in regard to the prisoner's contribution to his own reformation. From countless remembered conversations he selects a few which illustrate the self-centeredness of the prisoner, his subjection to the herd mind, his acceptance of society, even its laws, along with a profound skepticism of its justice. Of the three motives for imprisonment—punishment, deterrence and reform—only punishment appeals to prisoners as real. In this connection Mr. Nelson challenges Warden Lawes' assertion that "three out of four prisoners do not return for new crimes." From his own examination of statistics the author concludes that recidivism averages 65 percent. Of the other aspects of prison life he is a shrewd observer. The great amount of sexual perversion among prisoners he considers obviously attributable to sex starvation. He sees little connection between drug addiction and crime except that the addict is a weakling, and hence likely to become a petty thief,

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or the potential addict falls into the habit as the result of the maladjustment of prison life. The worst result of the meaningless monotony of this life is "prison stupor," which only the hardiest prisoners, the professional criminals, escape.

FORCED LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES, by Walter Wilson. Introduction by Theodore Dreiser. *New York: International Publishers. 192 pages. $1.50.*

"Forced Labor in the United States" takes up not only abuses of peonage and chain gangs in the Southern states, but convict labor as a whole. It goes into such shameful details of prison history as the lack of wages, whippings, black holes, straitjackets and other tortures inflicted for failure to "make the task." It has an exhaustive chapter on forced labor in the colonies, of the peonage which exists in the businesses of the United Fruit Company and the General Sugar Company in Cuba, the Firestone Rubber Company in Liberia, the Guggenheim tin mines in Bolivia, and other American companies having heavy investments in Central and South America, Haiti (the National City Bank), Hawaii (Sugar Planters' Association), the Philippines. A chapter is devoted to the hue and cry about the dumping of prison and forced-labor goods from the Soviet Republic, with the inescapable conclusion that the hideous phenomenon of forced labor as it is practised in the United States is unknown in Russia. Not the least significant paragraphs are those which warn our public against the abuses possible in the large labor camps. If one can find fault with the book, it is that enough material for three volumes is concentrated into one, although any single chapter should arouse a reader with the slightest public spirit to action and protest.

CRIME, LAW AND SOCIAL SCIENCE, by Jerome Michael and Mortimer J. Adler. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 470 pages. $3.50.*

This book is a survey and evaluation of the field of criminology and criminal law and justice which goes both to method and substance. It shows the dependence of criminology on psychology and sociology and the difficulties involved in criminological thought because of the inconclusive nature of these sciences. As a result of this analysis, the authors conclude that there is no scientific knowledge in the field of criminology, such knowledge as we have being merely descriptive; that for this reason we are and shall continue to be impotent to control criminal behavior; that a science of criminology is needed; and for the purpose of constructing such a science, that an institute of criminology and criminal justice should be established, autonomous within a large university.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS, by William A. White. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 284 pages. $2.50.*

This is an authoritative, competent and eminently readable recapitulation of the best thought on a great social problem. Dr. White shows that although man is generally considered a social animal, treatment of criminals almost entirely neglects the social aspects of his nature. His book should be placed on the reading list of every undergraduate course in psychology, particularly in abnormal psychology, and should be read and digested by every student of the criminal law.

PROBATION AND CRIMINAL JUSTICE, edited by Sheldon Glueck. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 344 pages. $3.*

This is a collection of papers on the history, technique and value of probation in American and European systems of criminal justice. It is edited by Sheldon Glueck, professor of Criminology at Harvard Law School, who with E. T. Glueck made a now famous study of five hundred criminal careers. The book contains essays by such authorities as Professor Thorsten Sellin of the University of Pennsylvania and Professor Sam B. Warner of the Harvard Law School. Aside from the theoretical and historical points of view, there are estimates and comments by judges, administrators and workers in the field. There is an excellent article by Ralph H. Ferris, director of the Domestic Relations Division, Recorder's Court of Detroit, Michigan, on the use of case histories in probation. Bernard Glueck has done an excellent paper on analytic psychiatry and criminology. There are descriptions of the probation system and how it works in this country, as well as in England, France, Belgium and Germany. Very valuable for courses in criminology, psychology and sociology, the collection is also a convenient discussion for criminal judges, legislators and administrators.

Fiction

LET THE HURRICANE ROAR, by Rose Wilder Lane. *New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.*

Simply, without heroics, and with a gentle detachment, Miss Lane has written the sort of idyllic footnote to history that, in the Western, the Middle Western states, amounts almost to a folk tale, so frequently does it appear—with different names for its characters, a different locale—in the histories of the West's robust families. Caroline, seventeen at the birth of her first child, and Charles, are drawn westward, stake a claim in the Dakotas, build a sod hut, grow potatoes, plant wheat and see an incredible fortune waving in the green field—all of two thousand dollars! Cyclones threaten, but only the grasshoppers come. They come: the land is laid waste. With debts to pay off, Charles returns East, but Caroline is left—to battle hurricanes, wolves, the endless, silent prairie winter, until he shall return with money to reëstablish their meager, wistful, gallant lives. Told with a considerable reticence, in a fine and unpretentious style, theirs is a deeply moving tale.

STRANGER'S RETURN, by Phil Stong. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.*

It is a popular fallacy to attribute many qualities to a writer who excels in only one. Mr. Stong, for all the ballyhoo about his ability to reproduce Midwestern farm life, is more impressive for his entertainment than he is for his artistry. In "Stranger's Return," as in "State Fair," his characters and situations belong to the plot, not to life. It is the story of Louise Storr, who leaves Greenwich Village and comes to an Iowa farm to visit her grandfather, whom she has never seen. Grandpa Storr, an octogenarian with an amusing line of banter, likes her immediately, while his step-daughter and niece, afraid that he will bequeath the farm to Louise, do their best to make her visit a short one. The battle between the two cliques is furious and fantastic, but with the help of Grandpa's ingenuity and his eccentric hired hand, Simon, the disturbing elements are ejected. If Mr. Will Rogers could write novels, they would probably be like this one.

Contributors

IRVING BRANT is a graduate of the University of Iowa, and for several years has been editor of the editorial page of The St. Louis Star and Times. His article in this issue is a chapter from his book, "Dollars and Sense," which John Day will publish August 24.

ALLEN TATE, who is the author of several books of poetry and two biographies, is now living in Tennessee, where he is writing a book dealing with the historical background of present-day American society.

D. M. LEBOURDAIS is a Canadian journalist and the author of "Northwa on the New Frontier." He has also written a biography of the explorer, Stefansson, which has not yet been published.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR lives in Minneapolis. She has contributed short stories to The Dial, The American Mercury, Scribner's, The New Masses and other literary magazines.

NEWTON ARVIN is an associate professor of English at Smith College, the author of "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals" and of many reviews and critical articles. He is spending the summer at Saybrook, Connecticut.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD, head of the Department of Sociology at New York University, was one of the organizers of the Population Association of America.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Why We Fought," a book dealing with the entrance of the United States into the War, and of several biographies.

MARY MCCARTHY is a recent graduate of Vassar. She has written literary criticism for a rebellious magazine, Con Spirito, which she helped to found while in college.

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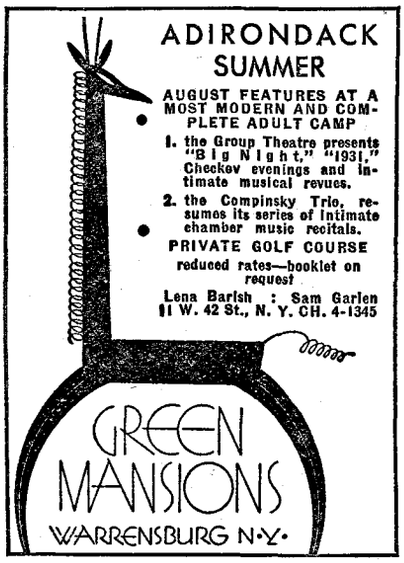

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